THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Weekend Review

Vol. XLIII. No. 1102 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	449
EVEN BEARING GIFTS	451
A DANGEROUS CONFERENCE	452
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	453
CULTURE CURFEW. By Sagittarius	454
THIS ENGLAND	454
THE ROAD FROM HOA-BINH. By Norman Lewis	454
HYBRID ISLES.—II. By Norman MacKenzie	455
IN SENEGAL. By Basil Davidson	456
WESSEX GLOVERS. By Aylmer Vallance	458
FROM A WAITING SEAT IN A BARBER'S SHOP. By Benn W. Levy	460
PERSONAL WORLDS. By Edward Hyams	460
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
A Want of Sunshine. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	462
American Television Notes. By Roger Manvell	462
The Movies. By William Whitebait	463
CORRESPONDENCE	464
From Ian Mikardo, M.P.; Clive Bell; M. Malavery; J. W. Thompson; Leonard Woolf; J. D. Solomon; John Brainc; Frances Bellerby.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Jacquetta Hawkes	466
DERELICT STREET. By Michael Hamburger	468
REVIEWS:	Page
The Sly Ukranian. By V. S. Pritchett	469
Gustave Courbet. By Benedict Nicolson	469
The Great Return. By Dorothy Woodman	470
The Little Emily. By Kathleen Raine	471
New Novels. By J. D. Scott	472
Present Discontents. By Mervyn Stockwood	473
No Music at Belmont. By Simon Raven	473
SHORTER REVIEWS	474
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	475
CHESS. By Assiac	475

The Case for Cut and Thrust

NEXT Monday, after the briefest of Easter recesses, the House of Commons returns to the all-night sittings and uproarious "scenes" which have become the normal behaviour of this Parliament. The outside public has been schooled by "*Argument*" on the Home Service and a weekly dose of "*In the News*" on television to expect their politicians to do battle like fighting cocks: they will not be disappointed.

Yet, at first hearing, the clangour of Parliamentary polemics has a hollow ring. What is the row about? The Conservatives are only extending the Health charges, begun by a Labour Government. Mr. Churchill has admittedly followed Mr. Bevan's advice and cut back the arms programme. Mr. Butler, with some important concessions to the middle classes, is carrying out Mr. Gaitskell's policy of paying for rearmament by permitting the cost of living to rise. On every important issue—above all, those of foreign policy and Defence—there exists to-day a bi-partisanship between the two Front Benches which might have been expected to unite the House of Commons in a tacit coalition. Yet, instead, we have the prospect of the stormiest session since 1910.

The explanation of this contrast is the struggle for the succession which is proceeding in both Parties. The era of leadership by men of the wartime coalition is drawing to a close. If Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison could have their way, they would rapidly agree to forgo party controversy in face of the dangers with which the country is threatened. They cannot do so because a new generation of Young Tories and Bevanites regard such bipartisanship as an insipid betrayal of principle. So on both sides of the House the Front Benchers are being pushed into battle by supporters who refuse to defend the *status quo*, but are inhibited by the party machines from openly challenging an official leadership that would like to do so. Exploiting the Standing Orders which were intended to restrain them, the Bevanites, before the Easter recess, had managed to lead the Labour Party into a tactic of all-out opposition, designed to prevent, or at least postpone the denationalisation of steel and transport. On the Government side, the Young Tories last week obtained from Mr. Churchill an assurance that he has no intention of being reasonable and conciliatory; on the contrary, he is determined to get on with the dismantling of Socialism in this parliamentary session, even if it means employing the guillotine, the kangaroo, and other gagging devices which he denounced when Labour used them.

Few responsible Conservatives will argue that the denationalisation of steel and transport has any immediate relevance to the economic perils which face the nation. But just as steel nationalisation became a touchstone of Socialist dogma in 1949, when the Labour Party began to lose faith in itself, so, after the defeat in the local elections, steel denationalisation is now an article of Tory faith. True enough, to leave the industry as it is would be advantageous to the nation; but it would split the Conservative Party into Butlerites and Free Enterprisers. So denationalisation must proceed in the interests of Conservative unity.

It is easy to condemn such partisan politics and to yearn for an atmosphere at Westminster in which policies could be accepted or rejected on the merits of the case. But whatever their drawbacks, parties are the necessary instruments of parliamentary government; and the re-invigoration of British political life can only be achieved by a victory of "the extremists" against the coalition mind. Coalitions are bad enough for democracy: tacit coalitions between half-hearted leaders are fatal to its health. It is only when they are passionately at variance that parties are able to slough off their old skins and take on a new lease of life. If the issues are still secondary, and often irrelevant, at least the Labour Party is now fighting hard on domestic issues. That is one step forward. The next step—the working out of an alternative Socialist policy—can only be taken when the tacit coalition on foreign and defence policy, which still persists, is successfully challenged by the rank and file of the Labour movement. The Easter Conferences—particularly those of the Co-operative Party and the Shop Assistants Union—indicate that this healthy process has already begun.

The Russian Reply on Germany

The Russian rejoinder to the West denies the competence of the United Nations to intervene in the affairs of an enemy-occupied country; it proposes instead a Four-Power investigation of the conditions for "free" German elections. The reply to the Western question, whether the Russian proposal forbids an independent Germany to join N.A.T.O., is an obscurely worded but definite negative. In fact, the proposal now emerges as an immediate Four-Power conference to discuss, first, the terms of a peace treaty with a neutralised Germany; and second, the method of organising elections for an all-German Government.

It is unlikely that the American attitude will be changed by these clarifications. Mr. Truman and General Eisenhower are both committed to integrating the Bonn Government into Western Europe and thus obtaining a German contribution to the European Defence Community. The more genuine the Russian desire for a neutralised Germany, the more the Americans will seek—conference or no conference—to frustrate it. In this aim, they have the full support of Dr. Adenauer, whose Catholic regime would not survive German unification, and of those Frenchmen, including M. Schuman, who regard a rearmed Western Germany as a lesser evil than German unity.

The only serious opposition to the American plan is that of the German Social-Democrats. Even before the latest Russian Note, Herr Ollenhauer had pledged his party to fight any and every contractual agreement with the West—at least until the Russian proposal had been properly examined. The S.P.D.'s opposition might count for something if it received any encouragement from London. But so far Mr. Eden has meekly followed the American lead. This week he has assisted the process of integration by giving the expected British guarantee to the E.D.C. But will he at least have the courage to advocate that a Four-Power Conference should be held *before* the signing of the contractual agreement makes the division of East and West Germany irrevocable? Britain's influence in Washington is still strong enough to compel the Americans to agree to this. If we fail to do so, the Russians will be able to argue, with justice, that it was simply and solely the intransigence of the West which turned Europe into a greater, more dangerous Korea.

The Wind Begins to Blow

Released, for the first time in six years, from the inhibitions imposed by the presence of a Labour Government, and prodded into anger by the policies of its Tory successor, delegates at this year's Easter conferences showed a radical and militant temper. The Co-operative Party, meeting in Glasgow, had a keen debate between supporters of the official resolution on rearmament and those supporting the "Bevanite" amendment from the London Society. Both motions insisted on the need to keep armament expenditure within limits compatible with the maintenance of living standards; but whereas the platform pledged support for the United Nations and a "fair" contribution to Atlantic Defence, the Left came out sharply against the arms programme, and lost only by 357,000 votes on a ballot of 7 millions. At the same time, the Co-op. Party unanimously called for a Five-Power Peace Pact and came out flatly against any system of German rearmament.

A similar demonstration of the appeal of "Bevanism" to the rank-and-file trade unionist was given by the Shop and Distributive Workers. Three of the union's M.P.s, including the conference chairman, Mr. Padley, were among the 57 abstainers in the Defence debate. A fourth, Mr. Robens, took it upon himself to make a "Ministerial" attack upon them, to find that only twelve delegates were prepared to follow him in voting against the "Bevanite" resolution on rearmament for which the tone had been set by Mr. Padley's presiding address. This crushing vote serves clear notice that the union will align itself with the railwaymen and electricians at the next Labour Party conference.

These are clear signs of the way the wind is beginning to blow; and not one of these auguries was overlooked by the main speakers at the Communist Congress. Both Harry Pollitt and John Gollan, making the two main reports, predicted that a new "mass movement" was in the making, and that a united front from below would before long sweep away both the Tories and their "allies" in the Labour leadership. The Communists, however, evidently exclude the Bevanites from their new visiting list. Bevan himself was dismissed as a "man of words", and strong warnings were issued against "unreliable Titoists" and "anti-Soviet demagogues". Communist tactics, it seems, are to woo the Labour and trade union rank-and-file for the militant "anti-bourgeois" policy set out in the *British Road to Socialism*; in this, they may have some success, especially in the factories, on which their new organisational line is to place first emphasis, when industrial conflicts and conditions come to their aid.

A Confused Augury

The voting in the New Jersey primary underlines the need for General Eisenhower's return to the U.S. His resignation has left no doubt that he intends to campaign actively for the nomination, and his now unqualified "availability" must certainly have been a last-minute asset in the New Jersey contest. Yet his victory over Senator Taft, by three to two, cannot be counted as a decisive triumph. For the Senator had officially withdrawn from New Jersey four weeks ago, in protest against what he called the "double-dealing" of local Republican leaders in declaring for the General before the primary poll. It was too late, however, for Taft to have his name deleted from the ballot. In the circumstances, he may well be satisfied with the result. He did not have to suffer the handicap of relying purely upon "write-in" votes, but he could reasonably claim that in view of his piqued refusal to campaign personally in the final stages, the votes do not fully reflect his strength in the State. This makes the augury confused. Coming after his success in Wisconsin, Illinois and Nebraska, this vote in an Eastern State where the Eisenhower forces are strong is at least sufficient to keep the Senator still well in the running. And Eisenhower's victory is not so overwhelming as to suggest that he can have the nomination without some close and bitter fighting right up to the moment of the convention ballot. Taft's tactics now must clearly be to force the General to declare himself on particular domestic issues, in the hope that he will thereby make enemies.

Tunisia and the U.N.

Last week's meeting of the Security Council indicated how completely Mr. Eden's attitude to the Arabs has changed since he became the architect of the Arab League and the apostle of Arab nationalism towards the end of the war. The Pakistani representative proposed that the Council should put the French coup in Tunisia on its agenda; he was opposed in the vote, not only by France, but by Britain too. Since the whole American Bloc abstained, the motion failed to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority. Thus an Anglo-French accord has been reached on the terms that Britain should accept the "realistic" French attitude to Arab demands for independence. In Tunis, as in Morocco, the nationalist movements are to be crushed; then minor reforms will be conceded to those who are ready to serve their French masters. This return to traditional imperial methods in North Africa is, of course, strictly parallel to General Templer's new tough line in Malaya; and not unexpectedly there have been sharp reactions in Delhi as well as Karachi. During the Paris sessions of the United Nations the interlocking Moslem and Asian Blocs were increasingly unwilling to accept the Western whip. The Security Council's decision gives them another chance to organise a protest against the methods of Western imperialism; and they are now busily seeking to collect the necessary amount of support for a special meeting of the Assembly to discuss Tunisia.

PARIS

Lucky Mr. Pinay

Our Paris Correspondent writes: As far as it goes, all agree that M. Pinay's "experiment" has started well, and that he is a very lucky man. He has succeeded in crystallising the only possible majority in the Chamber—a Right-wing majority, to which nearly half the Gaullists rallied in the recent financial votes; and, for the time being, the franc is "saved." There is an overwhelming feeling in Parliament that "Pinay must be given a chance." Even the Socialists, without taking any responsibility for the "experiment," are relieved to see the Gaullists at sixes and sevens.

Pinay has several assets. The bulk of the employer class are for him and have promised to help in keeping prices down. This is a season of the year when—short of a financial panic—food prices tend to fall. He is surrounded by able technicians who had been more or less out of action because they had served Vichy. Not only the employers but also the banks seem likely to be helpful; and one of the corner stones of the "experiment" is the loan that will have to be floated under some attractive label, probably before the summer sets in, in order to cover the Budget deficit, conservatively estimated at 500 to 600 milliards.

What are the employer class and high finance getting in return?

(1) An abandonment of the principle of the sliding scale for wages;

(2) a consequent freezing of wages, which will be possible if Pinay is at least partly successful in preventing a rise in the cost of living;

(3) last but not least, the so-called "fiscal amnesty," designed to give confidence to capital by assuring it that no tax-dodging of income in the past can rebound on it.

This principle of letting bygones be bygones is one that the French capitalist with a guilty conscience has longed for more even than he could openly say.

There is still a huge Budget deficit; and there is the war in Indo-China. But "confidence" is expected to do the trick. Enough money, it is hoped, will be raised to bridge the Treasury gap till the winter; and by that time the war in Korea *may* have ended, some international solution, peaceful or otherwise, *may* have been found for Indo-China and—perhaps M. Pinay will be lucky again. So it is a case of hanging on. It is true that a large number of technicians at the Ministry of Finance and elsewhere have no faith in the "liberalism" of the Pinay method, and still believe that M. Mendès-France, with his policy of planning, austerity, termination of the war in Indo-China and an extension of capital investments—which are being cut down and not increased by Pinay—has a much sounder long-term policy to offer. But that is the hard way. Pinay's is the easier, more French way.

WASHINGTON

Commerce and Communism

An American Correspondent writes: A pamphlet, *Communism: Where do we stand to-day?* published by the United States Chamber of Commerce, has proposed the most sweeping anti-Communist measures ever conceived by a responsible organisation. It not only suggests that persons who persistently join Communist "fronts" and who associate with Communist causes should be excluded from Government work, but, by implication, extends this ban to "the basic group of confused and muddled liberals, who proved themselves completely wrong in working out a post-war policy." The Government is urged to amend the Taft-Hartley Act to deny the assistance of the law to Communist-controlled unions, and to permit the discharge of any worker, without arbitration, who is a Communist or who engages in pro-Communist activities. An employer "would be extremely short-sighted in terms of his own economic interests, if he traded short-term gains offered by Communists for the long-term danger of political strikes, slow-downs, impaired morale, and constant bickering and name-calling." Indeed, Communists and "dupes" are not to be employed "in any plant large enough to have a labour union," and they are to be excluded from newspapers, publishing, radio and television, entertainment generally, teaching and library work.

Honest Americans, even so, are not being terrorised or intimidated, according to the Chamber. Liberals who claim terrorisation are either fellow-travellers, "incompetent," "inconsistent," "negative," or "show bad judgment." And if there is a reign of fear in teaching and government, "the best antidote . . . is the light of facts. Honest and competent exposure of Communism would uncover the few thousand termites and leave the rest of us in peace."

It would be unwise, of course, to regard the Chamber's proposals simply as products of wild fantasy or hysteria. Its earlier reports on Communism proposed a loyalty investigation in the Government and the publication by the Department of Justice of a list of subversive organisations. These steps were subsequently taken by the Truman Administration. Moreover, a Republican victory in November would make the political atmosphere even more favourable to the Chamber's suggestions.

Even Bearing Gifts

WHATEVER may be said against our old-fashioned capitalist entrepreneurs—and their sins were many—they had at least the virtue that, where they saw a chance of profitable business, they seized it with both hands: between 1750 and 1900 they turned a small, predominantly rural country into the world's greatest trading nation, and in the process some gains at least reached the workers who manned their mills and foundries. What has happened to that spirit of eager, acquisitive enterprise which was capitalism's sole justification? The question is prompted by the strange reaction in official and industrial circles here to the news that the British delegation to the International Economic Conference in Moscow had received from the Soviet Union, China and the Communist States of Eastern Europe, tentative inquiries for large and increasing quantities of British goods—including a wide range of textiles.

With the sterling area's central reserves already down to $1,700 m., the dollar gap still unbridged, British imports (despite the Butler Cuts) continuing seriously to outrun exports, and the pound "coasting," in the words of the *Economist*, "intermittently but relentlessly downhill"— even from this angle it might have been thought that Whitehall would have evinced some interest at any chance, no matter how contingent, of selling more abroad. When consideration is given to a further relevant factor —that half the Lancashire cotton workers are faced with unemployment or short time, and that Yorkshire woollens are in little better case—it might even have been supposed that the reports from Moscow would have evoked mild enthusiasm, or at least genuine anxiety actively to explore the possibilities thus presented. Not so. Chinese offers to buy British textiles were stigmatised by the *Economist* as merely a dangled carrot—"with a bitter core." Were there not old-established British firms in Shanghai prepared to sell textiles, asked Whitehall; and what hope could there be of trading with a country so wicked as to refuse to recognise British Consuls? The F.B.I.'s response to the Moscow discussions was a masterly silence; in every Conservative and Liberal newspaper and throughout capitalist industrial circles the reaction was one of hostile scepticism. *Et dona ferentes*—whatever the Soviet Union and its friends might appear to be offering, there must be a "catch": no good could come of it. The very idea that Communist orders might bring work and wages to the distressed textile towns is greeted with dismay and anger.

Now it is possible to hold the view that the Moscow Conference was intended primarily as a propaganda stunt; but this is clearly not the whole story. From speeches made recently by Communist leaders in China, Hungary and elsewhere in the Eastern Bloc, it seems fair to conclude that the set Cominform policy is now to make a final effort to reverse the dwindling tendency of East-West trade and, not least, to develop more commerce with Britain—even though one result might be to extricate a Tory Chancellor from his balance-of-payments difficulties. In this policy we are not called on to acclaim Communist altruism. Though "increasing misery" is now regarded by many good Stalinists as a tactic quite as likely, in the West, to produce Fascism as Communism, we do not imagine that the Eastern trade delegates in Moscow were moved by disinterested love for the citizens of Bolton or Oldham. The motive behind the present trade offers, we believe, is partly the Eastern Bloc's need for ampler supplies of consumers' goods to keep pace with the increase in purchasing power released by the steady decline in food costs, and partly—perhaps predominently—the idea that closer commercial relations can do something to neutralise the drift of Western Europe irretrievably into the American camp.

At all events, it is worth while to examine without prejudice the deals discussed at Moscow. In the case of China, the project is for an exchange, over two years, of £10 millions' worth of goods each way—Chinese bristles, eggs, soya beans and bunker coal against British exports of textiles, chemicals and metals (other than copper and aluminium) in equal proportions. Barter deals for £2 m. are reported to have been provisionally concluded with Rumania and East Germany; the Soviet Union has offered to buy British textiles, herrings and machinery, and to increase Anglo-Soviet trade to no less than £200 m. per annum; comparable proposals have been mooted by Czechoslovakia and other members of the Bloc; and Professor Oscar Lange emphasised, at the Conference, that the potential expansion of East-West trade—which the French and other West European delegations at Moscow took very seriously—were enormous.

For Britain, of course, in present circumstances the prospect of large textile exports is particularly attractive; and the inclusion of cotton and woollen manufactures in the Eastern Bloc's offers is doubtless intended to some extent as a bait. There is no valid reason why Eastern Europe or China should be offered as a dumping ground for Lancashire's surplus production; and it is machinery and other capital goods which the Communist States most want. Surely, however, it is something gained if, while adhering to their consistent views that planned programmes for foreign trade should consist of a "balanced" list, they are apparently ready to increase, in their imports, the proportion of consumers' goods which Britain can most readily export. What, then, stands in the way? What accounts for the chilly reception here of the Eastern proposals? The answer is fear—fear in general lest we strengthen potentially aggressive enemies by supplying them with British goods, and fear in particular lest the U.S., under the provisions of the Mutual Defence Assistance Control Act of 1951 (the "Battle Act"), cut us off from future dollar aid for non-compliance with the American policy of virtually blockading the Communist half of the world.

The "general" fear which makes Whitehall and the F.B.I. averse to doing more trade with Communist States is absurd. Apart from the fact that, if Britain renounces such commerce, there are plenty of West German and French industrialists who will have no ideological scruples about undertaking it, if necessary by stealth through third countries with duplicate

bills of trading, it should not be forgotten that the benefits of trade are mutual: if the war potential of the Eastern Bloc were increased by imports of British engineering products usable for the production either of trains or tanks, the timber, grain and other materials which we should obtain in exchange are also, from our standpoint, strategic materials.

There remains the Battle Act. So far as arms, ammunition and implements of war are concerned, its terms are mandatory. All military, financial or economic aid must be denied to any country which exports such things to the Soviet Union or any State "under its domination." With this exception, however, the Act gives the Administration some discretionary powers. The beneficiaries of the U.S. must get Washington's approval for all exports to Communist countries; but provided this stipulation is observed, the President need not automatically cut off the flow of dollar aid to a country found to be exporting items of "strategic significance." He is entitled to use his judgment, after considering what contribution the offender is making to the defence of the West, the strategic value of the imports it receives in return from the East, and whether "unusual circumstances" would make cessation of dollar aid detrimental to the security of the U.S.

This escape clause gives scope for the British Government to make urgent representations to Washington. Nobody would suggest exporting arms to the U.S.S.R. But we must presume that the Eastern offer to buy hundreds of million pounds' worth of British manufactures is conditional on its ability to secure delivery of *some* capital goods or raw materials. These will all have "strategic significance" if the President takes a rigid line. In that case Washington should be told that we must forgo further dollar aid, at the cost to N.A.T.O. of part of the promised British defence contribution, unless the Battle Act is reasonably interpreted. From the standpoint of U.S. security, our membership of N.A.T.O. is vital; the strategic value of the foodstuffs and timber we should obtain from the East is obvious; and the circumstances in which we are placed—with the alternatives of bigger exports or economic ruin staring us in the face—are certainly "unusual" enough.

The *New York Herald-Tribune* argues that the U.S. must out-bargain the Soviet Union by offering to buy even greater quantities of goods from Britain and Western Europe. So long as the American tariff stands at its present level, the suggestion is empty of content; and in any case hopes of any marked expansion of European exports to a largely self-sufficient American market are flimsy. The U.S. Government has already recognised that it must allow Japan to trade with China, its "natural market"; otherwise Japan would be a weak link in the U.S. security system. Why should Britain and Western Europe, to whom trade with Eastern Europe is just as "natural" and vital, be given less sympathetic treatment? Is Washington so obsessed by the idea of weakening the Eastern Bloc through a Cold War blockade that it thinks nothing of bankrupting its friends in order to spite its enemies? Surely the "free" capitalist U.S. is not paradoxically adopting "increase of misery" as a means to dominate the world.

A Dangerous Conference

An explosive situation is developing in British Central Africa. By its attitude towards recommendations in favour of Central African federation which seem likely to be made by an important official conference that is to meet in London next week, the House of Commons may shortly have the task of quenching the fuses or of setting them alight.

The fundamental issue is simple. White settlers in the Protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland—where Africans outnumber them to-day by about thirty to one and four hundred to one respectively—have agitated for many years for self-government, or, as they usually express it, for "freedom from Whitehall." Their usual means of agitation has been, and is to-day, to press for closer association, amalgamation, or federation with self-governing Southern Rhodesia. They have argued their case on several grounds both political and economic; but it is no secret that their principal motive is to free themselves from certain obligations towards the African peoples of these territories which colonial policy—in line with the original treaties that enabled the British to enter them peacefully—has always formally accepted. "Freedom from Whitehall" has meant, and means to-day, the freedom for White settlers to dominate Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland while preventing Africans from ever obtaining any effective say in the management of their own affairs or in the conditions which shall rule their lives. It means, whether White settlers are prepared to admit this or not, an extension northward of the racial segregation and discrimination which is practised in South Africa and in Southern Rhodesia.

Since federation in Central Africa, no matter with what paper safeguards, will give White settlers virtually a free hand in the two Protectorates, the Africans of these territories have understandably rejected it, just as they have always rejected any form of closer association with Southern Rhodesia. When the present proposals for federation were canvassed in the territories last year, African opposition was expressed in vehement and unmistakable form.

If the Imperial Government were prepared to honour its obligations towards peoples whose interests it has undertaken to protect, it could scarcely have permitted negotiations for Central African federation to proceed beyond the initial conference that was held at the Victoria Falls last summer. Even though African opposition was then clear and united, the Government none the less decided to hold another conference a year later—that is, during this coming summer. Meanwhile pressure was exerted by White settler interests to advance the date of this second conference and to prepare to rush things through. "Part of the hurry," declared Sir Godfrey Huggins, the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia and a strong supporter of federation, "is that the Africans, if nothing is done with the propaganda they have got going, will become more and more averse to it [that is, to federation], and you might even have trouble if you did it." Under this pressure, the date of the conference was advanced to April 23.

But the Africans have not stood still. They took this advancing of the date of the second conference as a signal that the Government would try to override their opposition. For some time, accordingly, they have prepared themselves for more active steps to avert a fate which they are convinced would place them in permanent bondage to a small and reactionary White minority. In Northern Rhodesia the African Congress, strongly supported by the African trade unions, elected a "supreme action council" which should prepare a "national stoppage of work" if Government insisted on federation. Highly organised on the copperbelt of Northern Rhodesia, African trade unions could certainly close down the copper mines if they were sufficiently determined; and evidence is not lacking that they are so determined. In the middle of March the miners began to send some of their women and children back to the villages, the better to be able to sustain the cost of a strike; early in the New Year this "action council" began to issue a duplicated "Freedom Newsletter" which advocated strike action but nothing—and we have examined both numbers of this newsletter to have appeared so far—that was unlawful. Both in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, the African Congresses have sought to make their views known to Whitehall, or to secure representation at the London conference; when they were refused this, they sent unofficial delegations to London, and the first of these has arrived.

This show of readiness by organised Africans might well have caused the Government, one would think, to reconsider its manifest obligations as a protecting Power, or at least to adopt a more conciliatory attitude towards African opinion. But it seems to have had the contrary effect. The only European member of the "action council"—and one of a brave handful in Central Africa—was brought before the Chief Justice earlier this month on charges which even the *Rand Daily Mail* of South Africa has called "lamentably weak," and which for the most part could not be sustained; and summarily placed in gaol pending deportation. Such a step—to quote the *Rand Daily Mail* again—"will have the effect of producing the very condition which Mr. Zukas [the European in question] is supposed to have created, namely, discord between White and Black." Another member of the "action council," Harry Nkumbula, is to come before the courts next week on similar charges. Nothing, one would think, could be more calculated to deepen African suspicions, or to worsen race relations, than this hasty attempt to silence their most forthright spokesmen, including one of the rare Europeans who have taken their side.

Many people in this country, irrespective of their political party, condemn the racialism of South Africa. There is grave danger that an extension of that racialism may take place under their very eyes, and in an area for which Britain is inescapably and finally responsible. It is not too late to prevent this. Next week's conference will produce no more than recommendations to the Government. If these recommendations are in favour of federation, no matter with what paper safeguards, they must be rejected.

London Diary

"Good old Winston! He always said we couldn't work without good roast beef during the war, and now he won't have the fares put up—at any rate outside London, where the damage has been done already." That is the first reaction that Winston's intervention with the Transport Tribunal was supposed to evoke. Winston understands public relations. So far, so good. But did Winston, in fact, give us roast beef? And what can he do about fares? First, by throwing the increases back to the Consultative Committee to consider, he shows people (who, after all, have already shown him something by their votes in local elections) that he really cares about their interests, and that if he cannot suddenly give them what they want, that is all because of nationalisation. Secondly, the Consultative Committee may be able somewhat to change the incidence of hardship; it can do somebody a bit of good—even if only the season-ticket holders or "early morning" travellers. The changes, however, are not likely to be very material because recently increased costs cannot be reduced, and even Winston will hardly coax a railway subsidy out of the Chancellor.

* * *

If General Templer's methods "appease" Malaya, it will be the first success of many post-war attempts to suppress Asian revolution by force. The threat to starve the villagers by chemically destroying crops, if carried out, would produce, not collaboration with the British, but the permanent and bitter hatred of the survivors. It would be a stage—an unforgivable stage—worse than punishing a village by imposing a twenty-two hours curfew and reducing its rice ration. People are not turned into informers on behalf of their conquerors by such means, even when they are also treated to a house-to-house distribution of questionnaires which few villagers can read. Someone told me that General Templer was a clever man, but it sounds as if he has been listening to the rubber planters and business men who keep saying that "you can't cure terrorism by political means." The phrase is as old as empire and as dead as British rule in Ireland or India.

The question to which none of us yet know the answer is whether things have gone so far in Malaya that one must rule out a sensible agreement between the British and an independent administration uniting the Chinese, Malays and Indians. The British administration is handicapped by having at its disposal very few men who can talk Chinese; it had not apparently occurred to settlers or soldiers that their peace, and indeed their lives, depended on being able to communicate readily with the largest and most energetic part of the inhabitants of the country where they are trying to maintain themselves.

* * *

Anyone who thinks that settlers in Northern Rhodesia are fit for the responsibilities of government which the present federation proposals would impose on them might care to contemplate a sample of Northern Rhodesian newspaper comment that has just come to my notice. It concerns the deportation proceedings instituted by the Northern Rhodesian Government against Simon Zukas, a youthful European who has taken a lead in helping to organise African opposition to Central African federation; and it comes from a normally respectable settlers' newspaper, the *Livingstone Mail*. A few days before these court proceedings against Zukas, the *Mail* on April 4 commented that "an acquittal at this stage cannot be risked." The commentator went on to say that: "I am inclined to think that it is a great pity that we could not have hired a mobile Gestapo unit to eliminate him without fuss one dark night." The Northern Rhodesian Government does not, however, favour political murder. It is enough that Zukas was sentenced to be deported, and imprisoned until he goes.

* * *

Whenever I do a little private research on the popularity of television, the most frequent answer I get is "Haven't got it and don't want it." Those without it seem afraid of what it would do to their lives; and Mr. Robert Silvey's report in the *B.B.C. Quarterly* on a recent "audience research" campaign tends to confirm some of their fears. Although I wasn't surprised that the proportion of licence-holders was highest among those with less than £1,000 a year, I confess I was astonished to hear that nearly half of them left school at fourteen and are now in the £225-£400 group. For apart from the cash cost of a TV set, the cathode-ray tube will have served you well if it lasts two years—and a new one will cost £14. (I learn that some dealers will now insure you against this, but the premiums are so large that you are in effect buying a new tube—dearly—by advance instalments.) A TV set will soon be the modern equivalent of the cottage piano in every Edwardian front parlour; the initial outlay is roughly comparable, the prestige analogy exact. A real slump in this country would, no doubt, hit television first and hardest among the luxuries, with hire-purchase firms busily collecting sets and pawnbrokers valuing them at a few shillings each. Meanwhile, what has been hit hardest is "sound radio"—most TV owners have entirely given it up.

* * *

Among the many other comparisons Mr. Silvey gives—the decline in theatre and cinema-going, the waning interest in hobbies (except gardening), the diminishing lure of "the local"—one of the most interesting facts is that 42 per cent. of "viewers" are doing less reading. True, this would have been much more interesting if the report had been able to say what they are reading less of; but the educational level of the majority (as this report sees it), coupled with the fruits of one's own observation, suggests that it may be no bad thing to wean them away from it—provided television offers something better. The effect on "social life" is said to be that 25 per cent. of TV owners visit their friends less, but that 40 per cent. receive friends more. The obvious implication that the extra visitors come for the television reminds me that a friend of mine was earnestly and unsmilingly assured the other day by a new TV owner that the thing has great value as a kind of laid-on hospitality. "You can put your visitors in front of the set," said this man, "give them a few chocolates, and *they will stay perfectly quiet until it's time for them to go.*" But I doubt whether the changed habits Mr. Silvey has discovered are lasting ones. They are the habits of new TV owners. People settle down when the novelty has worn off—you should give it three years, I'm told. After that, people go half-way back to reading, to hobbies, even to ordinary radio. The man in my acquaintance who was loudest in his criticisms of television programmes now (having got over the novelty) admits his main dread to be that they should suddenly and irresistibly improve. He is reading again.

* * *

At the end of 1950 when the Institute of Contemporary Art opened their premises in Dover Street, they said that one of their objectives was to become a laboratory of the arts. At the time, an acquaintance remarked that the danger was that it would become a drug store. When I went there last week I was reminded of this uncharitable remark. The atmosphere was just a little too smart, too fastidious—rather like that of a *de luxe* airways station. The I.C.A. have, however, organised many worthwhile activities, and their latest scheme is particularly interesting: an international sculpture competition. An anonymous donor has given £1,500 as prize money and the subject of the competition is "The Unknown Political Prisoner." It is claimed that this implies no political or stylistic bias and the jury of nine critics, professors and curators has been selected to represent all five continents. Since January of this year, when it was first announced, 3,000 applications have been received from 52 different countries. Considering the title, it is perhaps significant that the largest number—450 applications—has come from Germany. At one time it was hoped that some of the Communist countries would participate. But it now seems unlikely. A pity. It might well have turned out that the actual image of The Victim was similar on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

* * *

One day some months ago I received a visit from Mr. Alfred Kohlberg. He explained, politely enough, that he had seen references to himself in this journal as a member of a body called the China Lobby. He had come to inform me that no such Lobby existed, unless we meant by it Mr. Alfred Kohlberg, who runs the American China Policy Association, publishes a political paper, and exercises such pressure on the Government as any private individual has the right to do. True, he was a close friend of various Senators who were also interested in China, but why not? If he was a China Lobby, then presumably the *N.S. & N.* was a Socialist Lobby and so on. Now I do not doubt that Mr. Kohlberg honestly holds his opinions and can afford to advocate them without any subvention. But I find it difficult to believe that none of the Soong dollars was behind any of the propaganda on behalf of Chiang Kai-shek which has deluged the United States and perverted its Chinese policy. We scarcely realise over here how much Soong money there is. It is probably the greatest private accumulation, representing the most spectacular exploitation of

other human beings, since the Pharaohs. I did not argue with Mr. Kohlberg. That admirable American magazine *The Reporter* has now published the first part of a real exposure of the China Lobby (to be completed in its next issue). Although it is clear that *The Reporter's* researches have yielded much that is at present unpublishable, the results already tell a fantastic story, full of dynamite: they provide a very full commentary on Mr. Kohlberg's statement that the China Lobby, apart from himself, does not exist.

CRITIC

CULTURE CURFEW

Government economies include the closing of the water-colour gallery at the Tate, the abolition of the evening session at the V. & A. Library and the closing of the Upper Galleries of the British Museum every other day.—*News item.*

In totalitarian night
Lamps are fading one by one,
Art and culture hide their light,
Tides of darkness rolling on—
But with Treasury load-shedding
Murky gloom is also spreading
In Bloomsbury and Kensington.

Babylon's antiquities,
Wealth of India and Cathay,
Upper Egypt's Galleries
Close on every other day,
While the Whitehall axe descending
On all cultural over-spending
Slashes at the V. and A.

On Millbank the Treasury shears
Find their horrid work to do,
Cox with Cotman disappears
Permanently from our view.
(Students may derive instruction
From the faultless reproduction
Sold to aid the revenue.)

No expenditure is waste,
Lavished by the guardian State,
Elevating public taste
In the dim Protectorate.
Grants for cultural custodians
Of Nigerians and Cambodians—
Not one penny for the Tate.

The clod, the Vandal and the lout,
Keepers of the public purse,
One by one the lights put out,
Earn the Babylonian curse.
Now by summary confiscation
Thrusting treasures of the nation
Underneath the Treasury hearse.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Protesting against unrestricted shooting of seabirds off the French Coast which is being advertised by the French Railways, Miss Nash Thomas said, at Ickenham Natural History Society A.G.M. on Friday that these would, in fact, be British birds feeding on foreign soil.—*Uxbridge Weekly Post.* (P. Higgins.)

"It's a disgrace when your son asks you, 'Daddy, who were our people?' and you can't tell him beyond your grandfather. It's a disgrace. It's a disgusting thing for a man not to be able to go back a few generations."—Speech by editor of *Burke's Peerage* reported in *Manchester Guardian.* (G. Jenkins.)

Two thoroughbred racehorses went to a cinema at Nottingham today where there was a private showing of the newsreel of the Grand National. They seemed so interested it was run through twice.—*Star.* (Harold Myers.)

The Road from Hoa-Binh

ABOUT twenty miles from Hanoi the security police were waiting in a cutting. They stopped the car and pointed to a line of tanks and lorries drawn up at the roadside. "We are now at the front," said the captain. Somewhere far away, bombs were thumping down with the sound of prize potatoes being emptied out of a sack on to an earthen floor. A few legionaries, rosy-cheeked and bearded like fierce Santa-Clauses, awaited in boredom their turns to move off. When the security officer went fussily away, the captain told his driver to pull out of the line and go up to the head of the queue. Waiting until the half-track in front had a lead of a hundred and fifty yards, we started off after it. This method of moving vehicles singly through the danger-zone had recently replaced the convoy system. Before reaching Hoa-Binh there were a hundred natural death-traps. Whenever the Viet-Minh felt like doing so, they could pick off an isolated car, but the new arrangement had put an end to the regular massacres that took place when a solid jam of vehicles, immobilised, say, by the blowing of a couple of bridges, was annihilated at the pleasure of the attackers.

We climbed through a landscape of Hebridean harshness. Fishermen with thighs protruding from their palm-leaf coats as muscular and symmetrical as those of frogs dipped nets the size of large handkerchiefs into muddy streams. The water's surface shivered with the explosion of heavy guns in the casemates above. The roar of our engine in a low gear muffled the sound of their discharge; but we felt the blast, a gentle, recurrent concussion as if rubber-insulated chassis-members had worked loose, and were beating together under the car. Topping a low hill we saw the jungle flowing towards us through shallow valleys, and on the southern horizon arose a jagged denticulation of hills. These were the mountains of Chinese landscape painting, called *calcaires* by the French, who are as impressed by them as are the Chinese. The captain groped for his camera, then changed his mind as we passed an abandoned car with a sprinkling of clean holes in the bodywork.

The opportunity for photography soon came. A group of men holding their guns like tired deer-stalkers barred the road. We pulled up in a spattering of distant fire-crackers. A sergeant-major, grinningly invulnerable, came up saluting. "A bit of a scrap up in the woods, Sir." "What's that down there?" the captain asked, his eye caught by the tortoise-like shifting of something under a blanket. Following his gaze, the sergeant-major seemed a little surprised. "A couple of chaps caught a packet." A strange primness suddenly muted the professional insensibility of his voice. "That one lost both legs." Thin rain and plum-blossom blew in our faces as the captain composed his picture: the bodies at the dramatic intersection of the thirds, the middle-distance with its roofless pagoda, the background of fabulous mountains. A click of the shutter, and we moved off.

Under some unseen compulsion peasants were working with feverish energy to clear the jungle back from the road. "The verb *défricher* is not exactly correct," the captain said in gentle correction. "It means, to clear for cultivation—which is hardly the case. At all events, it is a waste of time. It would take years to clear the jungle back to beyond machine-gun range of the road. Perhaps after all we are justified in using your verb, although the agricultural aspect is certainly unintentional." He waved his hand towards a low hill-top, shaved of its vegetation and scarred with defence-works. "Can you imagine what it is like to be up there waiting to be attacked? In this war you may sit in such a post for two, even three years without ever seeing the enemy. Then one night your first action happens, and often it is your last. I don't mind confessing that I get an eerie sensation.

"Is it cowardice? I hope not. It is the feeling that I am at grips with something ant-like rather than human. These unemotional people in the grip of some blind instinct. I feel that my intelligence and my endurance are not enough. Take, for instance, those fellows they send up to dig holes close to the wire, before an attack. You'd expect them to show some human reaction when our supporting guns start dropping shells amongst them; but they don't. They go on digging until they're killed, and then some other kind of specialist fellows come crawling up and drag the bits and pieces away. Some time later that night you know the shock-troops are going to come up and get into those holes, and then you're in for it. Losses simply don't bother them. All they're concerned about is not leaving anything behind. Do you know, they actually tie a piece of cord to every machine gun, so that as soon as the chap who's using it gets knocked out they can haul it back to safety."

The rearing shapes of the *calcaires* took up the captain's attention. On all sides these massive limestone ruins soared up from the matted jungle, their surfaces seamed and pitted like carious teeth. Whole armies could have played hide-and-seek about their bases, protected from the air in innumerable caverns, and from the ground behind an impenetrable pallisade of tree-trunks. Even tank-crews might have felt themselves nakedly exposed as their road wound slowly through these sinister labyrinths. Beyond a natural gateway, where the *calcaires* closed in on the road in a miniature Khyber Pass, lay Ao-Trac, principal defence-post on what remained of Route Coloniale No. 6, and supplies base for Hoa-Binh, which was ten miles farther on. Strong points had been built at fifty-yard intervals in the bottleneck outside Ao-Trac, and here hundreds of Vietnamese suspects were purging their offence by forced labour, while Senegalese overseers, ebony-masked colossi, strode switch-armed amongst them.

Sun broke through the clouds lying along the rim of surrounding hills, and shone on the steel, the canvas, and the earthworks of Ao-Trac. The officers' mess was in a dug-out and every time the heavy guns fired, earth slid down like loose snow from the sloping roof. "I echo," said the colonel, "General De Lattre's words, namely, that we are here to stay for ever. To these I add in the humility befitting my lesser rank—if God wills it, plus a single stipulation, that they continue to send us a sufficiency of shells, and half a litre of wine per man per day." He laughed suddenly; a full-blooded man, happily acclimatised to the proximity of death. The junior officers produced obedient guffaws.

"We try to look after ourselves here," the colonel said, "with particular emphasis on the rations. The men get the same food as the officers. Might as well be comfortable as long as—" The diabolical crash of 155 mm. howitzers drowned the rest of his words, and set the unfilled Burgundy glasses chiming thinly. Shells plunged with harsh sighs into the sky and exploded six seconds later in staccato thunder. "By the way," the colonel said, "I'm afraid Hoa-Binh's quite out unless you feel like being parachuted in. The Viets are shelling the Black River ferry now. Sank the ferry-boat yesterday with the second

round at two thousand metres. They use those recoil-less mountain guns they make up themselves. Very easy to manhandle. Means they can keep shifting them all the time, and all we can do is to plaster the whole area and hope for the best."

Suddenly a dull, grumbling undertone of heavy machine-gun fire had filled in the silences in the canonading, and crashing echoes chased each other across the valley below. "It's unusual for the tanks to be in action this time of day," the colonel said. He pushed back his chair and got up. "I'm afraid I must leave you. Hope you'll be staying the night. You'll find it a bit primitive—and, of course, noisy. We've hardly settled in yet, but I've great plans for the future. Come back and see us in a year's time, and I promise you you won't recognise the place."

Five days later, in Hanoi, the general called a press conference. Its point came towards the end of a discourse lasting forty minutes, but the correspondents, knowing what was coming, could take only a mild connoisseurs' interest in the peroration. "People put it to me this way," said the general, his fine brooding eyes fixed rather reproachfully on his audience. "'Having achieved your purpose in forcing the enemy to give battle—having destroyed in that battle his two best-equipped divisions—why do you retain so many men in a position where, from lack of opposition, they can no longer be effectively employed?' In deference to this logic, which is unanswerable," said the general, "I have decided to displace the centre of gravity of our forces, which will henceforward be concentrated in the delta, and Hoa-Binh, which is now without value to us, has been evacuated. I do not wish to disclose the number of casualties we sustained in this totally successful operation (which caught the enemy completely off his guard), but I will inform you that less than ten were killed."

NORMAN LEWIS

Hybrid Isles

II. What Home Rule Means

For seven centuries, the Channel Islands have owed allegiance directly to the British Crown, but they have never been absorbed into British politics. Isolation helped to preserve their special status and to underwrite their peculiar systems of government; though the tides of history washed over them, the islanders clung to the rock of their autonomy. Even the recent German occupation, by cutting them off from the mainland for five years, gave a new emphasis to their insularity. It is not real independence, for the Privy Council may over-ride the local legislatures, and Acts of Parliament apply to the islands when their various States concur. In keeping with their feudal traditions it is rather more like the home rule enjoyed by some medieval cities, subject ultimately to some greater power but decisive in local affairs.

This, it seems, is what the islanders want. They know that their islands are small in area and population—a little over a hundred square miles and a hundred thousand population—and that they cannot hope to influence the course either of British or of international politics. And, as they learnt in 1940, Britain cannot even defend them effectively if the Norman and Breton coasts are in hostile hands. What, then, have they to gain by greater assimilation? "I prefer," a prominent member of the States of Guernsey said to me, "to be a big fish in a small pond. In England I would be an urban district councillor." And if four separate political units seem an extravagance for a tiny group of islands, at least they are run efficiently and economically. Unpaid public service partly accounts for this; but it is also possible because the States do not have to find money for some items—notably Defence—which are an important part of British Government expenditure.

Yet, since the island authorities combine the functions, say, of a county borough with at least some of the duties assumed in Britain by Westminster and Whitehall, their Budgets are quite substantial. Guernsey, for example, spends about two million pounds a year. Of this, £188,000 goes on food subsidies, £185,000 on education; and the airport, the courts and civil service, public health, markets and public buildings, together account for more than another million. Add to these charges the cost of housing, slum clearance, coastal and harbour works, tourist amenities and the overheads of the "nationalised" water, telephone and electricity services. Some of these, of course, produce revenues of their own—even the pennies of the public conveniences are totalled in the Budget—but some £856,000 must be raised from income tax, and a similar amount is yielded by various licences and impôts. Since the liberation, moreover, Guernsey has been providing certain essential services to Alderney to help the resettled islanders. The pattern is broadly similar in Jersey, though expenditure here is above three million. Sark, with only a few hundred people, is a special case. It makes no effort to keep pace with the times; on the contrary, it seeks deliberately to remain well behind them. Last year, its main source of income was the eight thousand pounds yielded by liquor and tobacco duties, with the landing tax producing about two thousand towards the upkeep of its harbour.

The rising yield of taxes on both the main islands is an index of their post-war recovery. Though traders and shopkeepers assured me that business was bad this winter—and bankruptcies have been one sign of this, especially in Jersey—a good season for tomatoes, potatoes and visitors would more than compensate. For these are the main sources of the islands' income. Guernsey expects about 100,000 holidaymakers this year to bring about £2.5 millions to the island: Jersey, which makes much of its climatic comparison to Bermuda, expects more than 250,000 visitors and receipts of above £5 millions. For Jersey takes tourism seriously. It is, so far as I know, the only place in the British Isles with legal regulation and grading of its hotels and boarding houses. And this year, with Continental holidays curtailed and sustained advertising attracting an increasing volume of mainland tourists, it hopes to make up for the series of bad potato harvests.

For, visitors apart, it is horticulture which provides the islands' income. Jersey, exporting nearly forty thousand tons of potatoes and thirty thousand tons of tomatoes, earns about £3.5 millions; Guernsey, with its acres of greenhouses, receives nearly £4 millions from its tomatoes and another £750,000 from early flowers. After the war, Guernsey set up a Tomato Shipping Board through which the 2,500 growers ship all their produce, and the Board now handles the dispatch and mainland distribution of some seven million "chips" a year. This experiment in State control—made possible by the fact that all the produce must be funnelled through the harbour at St. Peter Port—seems to have been remarkably successful; certainly the growers approve of it, and the opposition has come mainly from the old export agents for whom the Barton Report has recently proposed compensation to the tune of £120,000. It is clear that rationalisation has proved both efficient and a financial saving in this instance, and both are needed when perishable crops are at stake.

The growers have their grievances, none the less. Coal is scarce and twice as expensive as before the war; manure has trebled in price; wages, computed in terms of greenhouse space, have risen from £40 for every 300 square feet to £110. Many greenhouses were destroyed or fell into disrepair under the occupation, and the total acreage is still below the 1939 figure. Yet exports have risen sharply, despite these difficulties. In 1946, 28,500 tons were sent away: last year the total was 37,581. The growers, however, seem as much concerned about wages and official expenditure as about the natural hazards of tomato growing and marketing. This explains their dislike of trade unions and hostility towards the scheme of national insurance. For since 1945, the Transport and General Workers Union has grown from nothing to a membership of more than four thousand; it has raised the minimum wage from £3 a week, to £5 8s., secured collective bargaining, arbitration, overtime rates and holidays with pay. "The place isn't the same," a St. Peter Port businessman complained, "since the Labour Government put the unions in here." And you hear similar grumbles in Jersey, where the T. & G.W. has over 6,000 organised. True, there were unions in pre-war days, but they enjoyed nothing like their present strength. In Jersey, until 1939, they were even technically illegal, for the Anti-Combination Law remained nominally in force. What especially displeases the Jersey producers is the establishment of union wages and conditions for the three thousand or more migrant French workers, who come each year to work in the potato fields.

Opposition to the National Insurance schemes springs from much the same source. In Jersey it was finally accepted and came into effect at the end of last year. But in Guernsey, after the Act was passed, and the scheme was due to begin six weeks ago, a sudden petition panicked the States—at a cost estimated at ten thousand pounds—into postponing it *sine die*. For a contribution of 3s. 4d. a week, workers would have received unemployment, accident, sickness and maternity benefits and earlier pensions. At present there is no security against illness or unemployment, and even the new Act did not provide for medical or dental treatment. (The fact that the Hospital Saturday Fund has more than 8,000 contributors in Guernsey is an illuminating commentary on this.) But the employer's share of the fund was too much for the more conservative and rural interest. A petition was hastily circulated, and 14,000 signatures were claimed.

No one seems to have challenged these figures, though the total—fifty per cent. of the island's electorate—seems very high. The sponsors of the petition concede that they did not check the signatures either for duplication or against the register, and that in some places forms were taken round by juveniles. But the petitioners at least persuaded the States that there was real opposition, partly on grounds of cost, but partly for ideological reasons. One person who played a prominent part in this agitation told me frankly that "as a refugee from British Socialism" he was convinced that maternity grants led to "irresponsible breeding," and that he "was damned if he was going to pay a penny for other people's brats." So, for the time being, Guernsey is to remain without unemployment, sickness, maternity or death benefits, and some seven hundred workers who were ready to retire on pension must wait until they reach the present qualifying age of seventy.

Housing is bound to be a problem on islands which are densely populated, but need to keep room for their vital horticulture and to preserve scenic amenities for their tourist trade. Both

Guernsey and Jersey have about 1,500 people per square mile, or three times the density of the United Kingdom. Yet there has been much post-war construction on both islands, with home purchase assisted by official loans carrying interest charges below two per cent. In Guernsey, for example, up to the end of last year, 650 houses had been built for sale, and 250 more were under construction; another 200 had been put up by the States Housing Authority for letting. John Jones, the Labour Deputy who is chairman of the Authority, told me that another 200 houses would eliminate the most urgent cases from the waiting list of 500. He has recently persuaded the States to suspend its home-purchase loans for one year, so that a proper zoning and development plan can be drawn up to prevent further encroachments on land of scenic or horticultural value.

Although, to the mainland visitor, the government of the islands must seem archaic, parochial and conservative, there seems little doubt that it meets the wishes of most islanders. They move slowly; the hustler is doomed to perpetual frustration. But they have managed to climb out of the difficulties that beset them after the liberation, and to put their affairs back into the familiar pattern. Of course, they remain highly vulnerable. A series of bad crops, combined with a recession in Britain which cut down holiday travel, would upset the delicate balance of their economies and cause grave hardship. For the moment, however, they seem content as they are—creatures rather than makers of history.

St. Helier, Jersey. NORMAN MACKENZIE

In Senegal

WHAT appeared to be the main door was occupied, with a great swooshing of skirts and flouncing of sleeves, by a crush of Dakar's bold and brilliant girls. The streets of Dakar are usually alive and alight with these girls and their mamas, made up to the nines in red and green and chocolate robes and crazy cock-eyed turbans—for Islam seems to frown on female usefulness outside the home, although not (at least in West Africa) on feminine adornment—yet it had seemed unlikely they would go to political meetings. They were too much occupied, one would think, with striding long-limbed to market, or visiting the street where sewing machines click and whirr outside fifty dark-doored tailors' shops, or addressing themselves to the urgencies of gossip, while sitting cross-legged on the pavement. Perhaps in general they don't go to political meetings; this one, what with Léopold Senghor and the other two parliamentary representatives of Senegal about to speak "on the use they had made of their mandates" in Paris, at the Palais Bourbon, was more of a social occasion.

The main door, in any case, was barred; the policeman on duty explained that its use was reserved for the ladies. Islam in West Africa preserves, it seems, at least this last prudence. Recoiling, one was caught on a tide of sweeping gowns and brandished copper-coloured arms; but neither the girls nor their mamas seemed to mind this assault upon their privacy. A little farther along the outside wall of this open-air cinema, the men's door was also closed, for by this time the place was declared to be full and over-full; and nothing was left but to try to sneak in through the wings. Others had also thought of this stratagem, so that I was elbowed along with aged notables, baleful and wand-waving, ignoble urchins and a pack of belated arrivals until chance pushed me right out into the front of the proceedings. Beyond and on every side there extended a sea of waiting faces, turbans, here and there a venerable beard; far beyond, and somewhere at the back, there were those blessed giggling girls again. There came at this point a roar of excitement. But the agitation was not for me; for a White man in their midst they had neither interest nor animosity.

Even in considerable towns, such as Dakar in Senegal or Abidjan in the Ivory Coast, the French have bothered themselves little or not at all with emotional or social colour bars. Their attitude towards Africans is seldom complicated, as it is in South Africa and in territories of British settlement, by deeply held racialist prejudice, by automatic belief in White superiority as such, or by gratuitous horror of miscegenation. They keep their eyes fixed firmly on the main chance—of growing rich. And yet there are nearly as many Frenchmen in Senegal as there are Britons in Kenya, while there is only half the number of Africans.

This Gallic good sense about race relations is just as evidently reflected, in turn, by the attitude of Africans towards Europeans. Tough and turbulent though political struggles have lately been in French West Africa, they have been on the political and economic plane. No doubt there are exceptions, for extremists can everywhere be found; but the issues that matter in French West African politics are not racial issues so much as economic issues, as the old familiar conflicts of rich and poor. The French appear to feel no more superiority or contempt towards Africans than accustomed masters usually do towards their servants. What Africans strive for, in reverse, is the grant of political and economic rights for Africans, not as Africans, but as human beings.

Arriving at Bamako, in the Western Sudan, I dined one evening in one of the smarter of the two or three European restaurants with a group of African trade union officials; and I dined there at their invitation. Neither they nor the French men and women at surrounding tables seemed at all put out by this mingling of the races; and on Saturday evenings, I am told, mixed dancing is a common thing. Just as the presence of the unexplained European at an African political meeting in Dakar seemed not to matter to the audience, so in Bamako it was possible to dine without any racialist nonsense with Africans who happened—and this is the point—to be heavily at odds with the Administration. The battle was going on all right; but the choice of ground was different. That is not to say that no segregation exists in French West Africa: though prohibited by the law, it is none the less widely enforced by economic and administrative pressure and device. But it operates on the same principle as the principle which dissuades working men from dining and staying at the Ritz.

Having no emotional difficulty in accepting at any rate the theoretical equality of all persons in the French Union, the French Constituent Assembly in the months following the war made little difficulty in accepting the *loi Lamine Gueye*—so called after its Senegalese proposer, a prominent member of the French Socialist Party—by which all French subjects were declared to be French citizens. Then, in 1946, the Constitution of the Fourth Republic brought the French Empire formally to an end, and enunciated the doctrine of the French Union by which all colonies might in time become self-governing "dominions." By the same Constitution there was initiated the election of African (and other oversea) Deputies. I remember them when they first took their seats in the Palais Bourbon, and how their being there, a solid group of coloured faces sitting well to the Left of centre, came as a sharp reminder that the war against Hitler had rocked more than one empire to its roots.

Compared with current British practice, these French concessions of 1945 and 1946 went far indeed. Nothing less than far-reaching concessions, it seems, could have kept the peace in French colonies; and in Madagascar and Indo-China, where concessions fell short of the development of nationalism, the peace was not kept. They instituted, for example, a common electoral roll for all eight Territories of the vast area which forms French West Africa—running from the Atlantic Ocean right into the middle of the Continent; to-day these Territories have over three million parliamentary voters, of whom about one-third are said to exercise their right; and of these three million less than 100,000 will be White. In Senegal about 600,000 African voters send two Deputies to Paris; in the Western Sudan about 900,000 send four; and the story is much the same in the other six Territories. Even in the Conseils Généraux—which can be likened, with many reservations, to the Legislative Councils of non-self-governing British territories—the Africans have more than parity with the Whites.

For these Conseils, it is true, there is a double electoral roll (except in Senegal and most recently—thanks to the influence of events in the Gold Coast—in French Togoland); but the African roll elects more *conseillers* than the "citizens'" roll (on which most voters are White). In the Sudan, for example, about 7,000 voters on the "citizens'" roll elect 20 *conseillers*, while some 900,000 African voters elect 40 *conseillers*. The White vote, as Africans emphasise, is worth much more than the non-White vote—and the *loi Lamine Gueye* (making all French subjects into French citizens) has been carefully frustrated at this point. Even so, British practice outside West Africa has lagged considerably behind this.

On paper, then, and in the social amenities of everyday life, the French have stepped some way towards a common society based on equal rights and opportunities for all. In 1946, an end was made, under severe African pressure, to the system known as *indigénat*, under which colonial administrators had the virtually unqualified right to arrest, confine, or fine anyone whom they deemed to deserve such treatment—a system used as a regular source of "convict labour." With these concessions, African consciousness began to grow and flourish with unexpected speed. Trade unions and co-operatives became active and numerous; political organisations broke loose from Metropolitan examples and began to search for, and to find, forms of their own. Yet at the same time in France there was at work another and contrary process—heralded by the defeat of the first Constitution in the referendum of 1946 and the election of a new Constituent Assembly—and this was soon seen to mark a retreat from the ideas and the men of the Liberation. After 1946 the reforming content of these concessions to African opinion was gradually to drain away, and in its place there was to flow in the practice of the imperial past.

"I have the impression," a senior French administrator remarked to me in Abidjan, "that we are holding the Blacks in our territories better than you are in yours." The British, he appeared to think, were almost soft-headed, let alone soft-hearted, in making concessions to the Gold Coast and Nigeria that were not absolutely prised out of them. The notion that it might be intelligent from the imperial point of view to anticipate trouble, and to try to provide for it, seemed to him a pure illusion. While the parliamentary concessions in French West and Equatorial Africa remain, of course, what they were—and the number of African deputies has indeed increased since 1946—the French have by this time more

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than countered their effect by the persistent and ruthless use of their apparatus of Direct Rule that was taken over *in toto* from the French Empire and never dismantled. Disposing still of great practical powers—notably of sovereign control of the police—the colonial government of French Africa has lately shown that France means to retain the essence and the core of imperialism, no matter what the laws may say. In this it has been strongly influenced—and some say decisively influenced—by planting, commercial, and industrial interests in the French territories. In spite of the parliamentary façade provided by election of parliamentary deputies to Paris, there is much to suggest that the balance of colonial power has scarcely changed in the last ten years. Strong evidence of this can be found as much in the unhappy fate of Africans who have tried to take the laws at their face value, as in the great economic expansion which has lately attended colonial interests in French Africa.

Dakar, Senegal. BASIL DAVIDSON

Wessex Glovers

STOCKS and gillyflowers, primroses and daffodils were nodding and bowing under a bustling east wind in the garden of Mrs. Abbott's cottage at Todber in the valley of the Dorsetshire Stour. Indoors, where everything was bright as a new-plated pin, no sign of industrial activity met the eye. Yet the cottage was one of hundreds in which outworkers in this area of Dorset, and north-westwards across the county border into Somerset, sew 80-90 per cent. of the gloves produced by the forty-odd glove factories in Yeovil, Stoke-under-Ham and Milborne Port. Mrs. Abbott is a hand-worker: with strong thread and a triangular needle, thoroughly rubbed down on emery paper, she does the "pointing"—the stitched darts decorating the back of the hand—and the "making" of Cape gloves for the American market. For half a century she has been outworker attached to one Yeovil firm. Nearer Yeovil, high up on Dragon Hill, there is another thatched cottage in which, again for over half a century, Mrs. Jeans has also carried on the pointing and making of Yeovil gloves. But her sewing has been done with a machine—treadle for most of her life, but lately, with the coming of electricity, power-driven.

These two *doyennes* of what is, I suppose, the last large-scale cottage industry left in England, have memories of days and conditions that now seem remote. Mrs. Abbott had learned from her mother how the local "bag-woman" used to call, either to deliver work or to collect the made-up gloves in bundles wrapped in a red cotton handkerchief with the maker's name on a small sewn-on leather label. For carrying these bundles to Gillingham, six miles away, the "bag-woman" would be paid a penny a bundle; and she would travel in all weathers. So too, would Mrs. Jeans, who told me that as a young woman she would trudge three miles to get to the Yeovil factory by six in the morning, be home with her quota of work in time to make her husband's breakfast and get the children off to school, and be back again at Yeovil to deliver the day's completed work by early afternoon. To-day, I fancy there are few outworkers capable of such ardours and endurances. They work at home (though, for greater ease of control, most Yeovil manufacturers would rather have them in the factory) either because they have family responsibilities or because they like making their own "hours." For some it means a living; for others, pin-money.

In the making of gloves there are three main types of machine sewing—"prixseam," the two edges of the leather being stitched flat against each other, as in hand-sewing; "piqué," in which one edge is lapped over the other; and "brosser," in which the joined edges are "whipped," over and over. The maker has to insert the thumb and fit in the "fourchettes" which form the sides of the fingers, together with the "quirks" which strengthen the juncture between each digit. For pointing and making a pair of gloves by machine, the average payment is round about one shilling; and a skilled maker with a power-driven machine can turn out about three pairs in the hour. Thus, if she puts in a forty-hour week, she can make about £6. But this is an optimum output, and many outworkers, who have children to look after or other jobs to do on the farm, average no more than three dozen a week. Where they are lent machines by the factory—a common practice in Dorsetshire—there is sometimes a stipulation that the minimum output shall be five dozen a week; but many cottagers buy their own machines and thus enjoy greater sovereignty over their time. For hand-sewing, the price for pointing and making is approximately three shillings a pair; but the process takes normally six times as long as machine sewing, and the maximum earnings obtainable by a hand-worker appear to me to be little more than half those achievable with a machine.

To-day the "bag-woman" has been replaced by motor vans from the factories which deliver and collect—deliveries including, on occasion, rebukes for faulty work. The sewing must be close, but not too close, to the edge; and a glove can be ruined by letting in the thumb carelessly, or by a clumsy insertion of the fourchettes, with the result that the finger is pulled off the straight. Gone are the days when the factory-owner could impose fines for bad work: his only sanction now is to withhold further work from an habitually careless or clumsy outworker. Such cases, however, are rare: in all the cottages I visited, pride was evident in a craft handed down from mother to daughter; and though one or two women complained that long hours were a sore strain on the eyes, real enjoyment seemed to be taken in the work itself. Everywhere I was told firmly that the cottage work-room would on no account be exchanged for employment in the factory making-up rooms where a small proportion of Yeovil gloves are made—mostly by unmarried girls who are learning the job, pending marriage.

Before the work reaches the cottages for sewing, much has happened to the skins—sheep and lamb from Africa; Indian goat and kid; and, for fine "antelope," the tiny Dik-dik gazelle from Italian Somaliland—which the glovers use. Many, though not all, of the Yeovil firms do their own dressing and dyeing. The skins, which arrive board-hard, like so many pieces of furry *baccalao*, are first soaked, and then painted with sodium sulphide and lime, after which they are de-haired, soaked in lime baths, and "fleshed." This is the common form of tannery procedure. For glove-leather the art consists in judging the length of time the de-haired skin shall lie (usually 12-14 days) in a lime bath which softens and plumps the leather, and in the "bating"—a softening process in which a chemical solution of pancreatic extracts has replaced the traditional "puer" of dogs' dung. Next, the skins are "drenched" in a fermenting infusion of cereals, or pickled in a solution of sulphuric acid and salt. After that, comes the "tawing" in a solution of alum, flour and egg-yolk substitute for velvet leathers, or chrome-tanning for grain leathers. Dyeing is done sometimes by immersion, sometimes by spreading the dye on the grain side with a brush. Finally, after the skins have been "stoved" dry, they are softened by "staking," an operation in which they used to be drawn by hand over a "stake" set upright on the floor with a blunt steel edge. To-day, the process is carried out by a machine like a snapping and retreating crocodile, which pulls the leather over a series of blunt steel edges. After that, there remains only the buffing and polishing, on revolving felt or on huge wheels of compressed cardboard painted with glue and then dusted with emery powder. The product* is a piece of leather—suede or grain, according to the finishing process—as supple as velvet.

Step across the yard from the tannery, and you enter the glove factory proper. Here the king pin is the table-cutter with his large shears, operated in one hand, and the tapering, brass-tipped four-sided ruler with which he measures and marks the skin. It takes four years' apprenticeship to make a qualified cutter and, I was told, another forty years to learn all that can be learned about the job. To begin with, he has to plan the cutting of his skin so that the little flaws made by ticks or thorns are either excluded or concealed in the finger seams. His true art, however, consists in the steps he takes to ensure that the glove will stretch where stretching is needed—i.e., latitudinally across the palm—but not where stretching would result in loose finger tips or a baggy wrist. That is, longitudinal stretch has to be removed. Slightly damp, the skin (or usually halved skin) is pulled by the cutter over the edge of his "board." Then he cuts out a rectangular "trank"—the single piece of leather which, doubled over, will form the whole of the glove except thumb, fourchettes, and quirks. The trank is once more stretched—first in one direction, then in the other—until the necessary amount of leather has been "buried" in the right places so that the glove will give to the hand as needed, yet retain its snug shape. The separate thumb piece is similarly treated, artful stretching being required to ensure that the "barrel" (the base) gives more than the "pipe," the top joint. No two skins are quite alike in weight, texture and stretch: the "burying" of leather involves long experience and an uncanny sense of touch and "feel" on the cutter's part.

The finished tranks, sized and trimmed against cardboard patterns, are passed by the cutter to the "webbing" machine—a sort of "clicking press" which stamps out the shape of the glove and its thumb and fourchettes. Before the components reach the "webber," they are all stamped with numbers marking size and match, and the mark of the craftsman himself. After the pointing and closing has been done—a small proportion in the works, the great bulk by outworkers—the gloves pass into the finishing room. If linings have been inserted, the gloves have to be turned, right side out—a process facilitated by a little machine in which a steel stalactite moves up and down to meet a similar stalagmite. Then comes the "laying out": the gloves are pulled over an electrically heated, flat upright hand on which they are smoothed and, in the case of delicate grain skins, polished by hand with a little French chalk. Suede gloves are brush-finished, and one manufacturer gives stout grain gloves a polishing on a loosely packed calico buffing wheel. It is at this point that the maker finally learns how well the tanner has done his job.

The age of the Yeovil glove industry, which has its counterpart in Worcester, is anyone's guess. There were Incorporated Glovers in Perth in

* I ought perhaps to add that no two dressers of leather follow identical procedure: the industry has its secrets and specialised "know-how." "Chamois" leather from the flesh section of a split sheepskin is produced by oil tannage, which is often applied also to reindeer and buckskin.

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the twelfth century; and though the refounded Glovers Company of London dates from 1556, a guild of glovers had been formed centuries earlier. In Yeovil an old deed, still preserved, relating to 1565, refers to "John Boone, glover," of the town, but the making of gloves in the district seems to have been begun long before that. I was told by a local authority that in 1346 the Bishop of Wells visited Yeovil to exercise his episcopal fiat in a dispute over market dues. Injuriously handled by the rowdy townsfolk, he excommunicated Yeovil and its inhabitants, special mention being made by his Lordship of three "glovers" subject to his spiritual penalties. Yeovil doubtless played its part in the making of the 16th-Century's silk-embroidered gauntlets, the bullion-fringed and perfumed gloves which followed, the austere gloves of the Puritans, and the fancy frolic gloves of the 18th Century.

From the time of Richard III until 1825, British glove-makers enjoyed the shelter of a complete ban on foreign imports—though there is evidence that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries smuggling of French gloves grew to an important scale. The "runners" used to split their consignments into bundles consisting exclusively of right-handed or left-handed gloves, so that if one parcel fell into the hands of the Excisemen, the prize, at auction, would go for a song to the holders of the counter-part. A *History of the Glove Trade*, published in 1834 by one Wm. Hull, Jr., dwells on the misfortunes of the 20,000 glovers then working in and around Yeovil through the import of French gloves at an average price of 15s. a dozen. His tale of ruin, present and prospective, was exaggerated: with ups and downs, the Yeovil glove industry successfully weathered French competition and the changes of fashion of Victorian and twentieth-century England. To-day, unhappily, the trade is facing one of the "downs." On top of unmistakable consumer resistance has come the decision of the Chancellor to fix 144s. per dozen as the wholesale price above which, under the revised scheme, leather gloves shall attract Purchase Tax. This means that practically the whole of Yeovil's output of leather gloves will be taxed, though the Douglas Committee urged that roughly half the output of articles in common use should be exempt from taxation.

Mr. Hull records that in the early 1830's the unemployment and consequent turbulence of the Dorset glovers compelled the Government to maintain in Yeovil one or two troops of dragoons. It is unlikely that Mr. Butler will have to make a similar call on the War Office to maintain law and order in face of his taxes; but Yeovil certainly hopes that the "D" figure will be raised during the passage of the Finance Bill. Otherwise, I fear, there will be idle machines and idle fingers in many of those thatched cottages before their daffodils bloom again.

Yeovil, April. AYLMER VALLANCE

FROM A WAITING SEAT IN THE BARBER'S SHOP

Century after century after century
We creep or strut the street, dragging
Our hidden load of fear,
Even indeed the unbruised novices, though they
Go lighter while their fears
Are counterweighted by their winking hopes.
Then, as year upon year
The hopes grow littler and evaporate
Or are despairingly transferred,
Then grow they cold as we and sad or sore
Or humorous.
They shall have grown old,
Wincing at the balance-sheet.
Lord, adjust me, I pray, to bear
Thy celebrated mercy.

BENN W. LEVY

Personal Worlds

A MAN I do not know well was saying that he thought the influence attributed to childish years much exaggerated: he claimed to recall nothing of his childhood, and that it had made no impression on him; he believed that he began to be himself at about twenty. It was not my business to argue with him, but I thought he talked foolishly.

Visual impressions are particularly powerful. The first history book I can recall was illustrated with dramatic line drawings of which I remember only one, entitled *Queen Margaret and the Robbers*. Queen Margaret was depicted as a distraught-looking woman of uncertain age, with streaming hair and robes, tearing along through a glade in a wood, dragging a small boy, presumably the prince, by the hand, like a mother and her fractious child rushing to catch a bus. Or rather not like that at all; for, quite apart from the fact that two men of villainous appearance were emerging from the trees and had adopted menacing postures, the picture was drawn with such feeling for the terrible hostility of the forest that it frightened me.

I no longer have this book, but I am sure that the effect was achieved by the contrast between the tall stillness of the great forest trees, and frantic movement of the dwarfed human figures. The smallness of the people, the vast emptiness of the glade, the columnar dignity and indifference of the trees, combined to enable me to make an idea of the nature of forests. More correctly, *a* nature, the one which was to be true for me. I cannot enter a wood to this day without a feeling of excitement, followed by disappointment if the trees are not very tall. But if they are tall, if they are so spaced as to create the dangerous illusion of open space, if there is the silence I expect, to hold the resonance of my own sounds, then, as I come out into a glade, there is a sense of anxiety, of tension, of expecting I know not what violence.

Men have always feared the forest: neolithic men went reluctantly among trees. Cæsar, for all his sophistication, believed the most ridiculous stories of the northern woods. Only in fear and trembling did the highly civilised generals of the Incas lead their armies against the savages of the Andean *montana*, and some thinkers have held that the attribute of frightfulness in the art of the South American Indians, in Chimu pottery and the stone carving of Tiahuanaco, derived from the horror of the forest, from which their ancestors had emerged, but which their race had never forgotten. Thus the artist who drew *Queen Margaret and the Robbers* vindicated his art, for he made familiar, at least to me, a true attribute of the nature of forests as experienced by men: fearfulness. But the manner in which I used the truth he revealed was personal to me.

Herman Melville has this passage in his *Redburn*, concerning a picture which was hanging in his father's dining-room: (it) "represented a fat-looking, smoky fishing boat, with three whisker-andoes in red caps, with their trouser legs rolled up, hauling in a seine. There was high French-like land in one corner, and a tumble-down grey lighthouse surmounting it. . . ." What does Melville mean by *French-like land*? Possibly, of course, this is no more than mockery of the dilapidated condition of the lighthouse, which would never have been allowed to get into such a state by the sea-faring Americans or British! But I doubt this. Either he meant that some quality in the drawing came to mean France, to Melville, before he had seen that country; so that, thereafter, he could not recognise as truly French any piece of country which wanted that quality. Or, having seen French landfalls before he wrote his book, he recalled the picture when in the act of writing, and saw that its artist had got into the picture something essentially French. At all events, he had never forgotten it.

Just as my conception of forests was made by *Queen Margaret and the Robbers*, and Melville's notion of the French coast by his father's picture, so my idea of farm and farmhouse was made by a picture. I should like to be able to say that it was a Dutch or Italian masterpiece, but in point of fact it was a picture without æsthetic merit. As a young child I was sent to a bad private school where, however, a kind of French was taught. On the wall of the classroom was a large, glazed picture, which could be rolled up like a map, and which represented a French farmhouse and farmyard. From it we had to learn the French words for everything depicted. The amount of object and action crammed into that picture was remarkable; I saw nothing to equal it again until Disney produced *Farmyard Frolics*. Here was the thatched farmhouse with storks nesting on the roof; here *le paysan*, confronting with bold gesture and a small stick an unmistakable and ill-natured bull—*le taureau*. *Les vaches* were being led to the milking stalls by a dairymaid carrying stool and bucket. *La paysanne* was casting grain to a flock of extraordinarily active and very mixed poultry, including turkeys and geese. A very small boy carried a very large basket of eggs. A wagon loaded with grain and drawn by horses appeared in the yard, and an old man was sawing logs. Everything was happening at once, yet there was little sense of bustle; on the contrary, all these living creatures had a look of being stricken to stone by some awful power, and the faces of even the most active workers, of the farmer himself, threatened by *le taureau*, watched by a tethered goat, and much impeded by a flock of sheep brought there by a clearly incompetent *chien*, and which had no business there at all, were completely expressionless.

Here, for me, for ever, was the essential farm, sunny, prosperous, crowded, brilliantly coloured, glossy, and yet reposeful. Only once or twice has my desire that life should come up to this work of art been satisfied, in Normandy and in Somerset. But I have never seen a complete farm and I never expect to do so, for where shall I find a thatched farmhouse surmounted, fantastically, by nesting storks as tall as chimneys? Nevertheless, from an early age, I have possessed a valid symbol for the idea *farm*.

There is another and less simple class of phenomena deriving from early visual impressions: my example is again from an illustration in a book, which was called *Hercules and the Marionettes*, a large quarto much scribbled over by a child of an earlier generation. I recall nothing of the story excepting that the boy Hercules got his living by peddling leaden spoons, the only capital equipment of this simple, wandering tradesman being a mould and some lead. I do not remember the picture of the boy, I have no idea of his appearance, but it happens from time to time that I am suddenly certain that a face seen in a public place is the countenance of the boy Hercules. But as the faces which have this association are dissimilar, there seems no sense in this occurrence, unless what I see is an expression reminding me of a state of mind I first encountered either in Hercules' own story, or in my own ideas about him. The phenomenon is slight, ill-defined and hard to describe, but its consequences are less so: for my behaviour towards any person having in his or her eyes a certain indefinable expression would be radically influenced by a picture which I saw as a young child, and have now forgotten.

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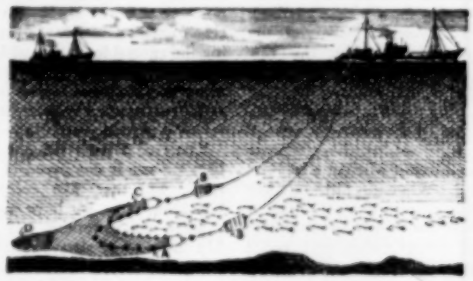

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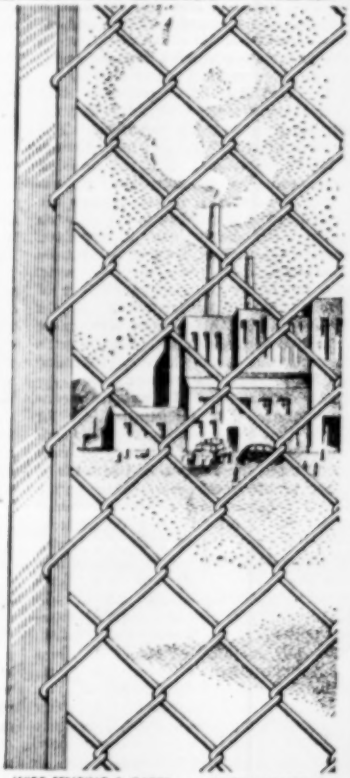

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These few examples of states of mind and spirit which are the result of a syncretism, of a collaboration between an artist and one looking at a picture, reveal what must always be a weakness of art criticism: the critic can know nothing of what may well be, for his reader, the principal attribute of the work criticised, which is whatever the reader has made for himself with the raw material the artist has given him. For what emerges from the collaboration between the artist and his "appreciator," is a pattern, secret and personal, which is produced by the inner eye and the inner ear.

That pattern is very durable, whether it is pleasing or merely powerful. When it is pleasing there will always be a desire to return to it, which is why most people have one or two books which they frequently reread. Such private unrecorded works of art are the only cake we can both keep and eat for a lifetime. In this connection it is surprising to find Mr. Somerset Maugham, an outstandingly sensible man, writing: "I know people who read the same book over and over again. It can only be that they read with their eyes, and not with their sensibility." On the contrary, it can only be that they have passed the stage of reading with their eyes, and require no more than the shape of a sentence or page of type to make available the pleasure of contemplating the agreeable pattern which, with the author's help, they have made for themselves. On these terms it is no more foolish to reread a book, or a single passage in a book, twenty times, than it is to revisit a certain picture as often.

The fact is we make our own world, that the plan we use is composed of our earliest impressions; and that, like every creator, we enjoy beholding what we have made and find in it a validity which nothing less subjective possesses. My forests will always differ from another's because a pictured forest was fearful to a child's conception of Queen Margaret's terror; my farms will never be quite farms without storks.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

A WANT OF SUNSHINE

LISTENING to new or recent music on three successive evenings last week, I was much struck by the solemnity, not to say gloom, which was the predominant note of these occasions. Most of the composers seemed to have written their scores, not with tempestuous joy like Beethoven, or during a game of billiards like Mozart, or in a sunny garden with a bottle of white wine on the table like Gluck, but in a featureless modern flat, their brows furrowed with anxiety and care. Dutifully we too knit our brows: what the composers had to say often seemed well worth our attention. All the same, something was wrong. The notion that music is first and foremost a pleasure, a consolation, a shared happiness and excitement, had somehow dropped out of sight.

One of the concerts, it is true—a most enterprising programme given in the Festival Hall by the L.S.O. under Hugo Rignold—began with Alan Rawsthorne's *Street Corner* Overture. But the gaiety in this piece seems to me superficial. The programme note compared the Overture, favourably, with Elgar's *Cockaigne*, which was declared to be a "patronising" work, betraying "Edwardian class-spirit"—largely, it seems, because the composer loved spectacle and pageantry. Heaven defend us from this canting sort of criticism. Elgar's Overture, whether we like it or not, exudes an unmistakable zest, a spirit of robust enjoyment, and a warm humanity; the composer's love of pageantry and colour, so far from isolating him from his fellow-citizens, makes him seem more than ever the typical Englishman. Rawsthorne's piece, by comparison, is only clever, perky and lively: Max Miller after Marie Lloyd.

In the same concert we had a scena for contralto and orchestra, *The Enchantress*, by Sir Arthur Bliss. This was a setting of the Theocritus poem about the lady who resorts to black magic (I don't mean the chocolates!) in order to win back her errant lover. Bliss is by nature a high-spirited composer, and he throws himself with a certain vigour into the long declamatory paragraphs; but it was in a quiet passage of nostalgia for lost happiness that the scene flickered into life and beauty. The spells and invocations lacked mystery; the tone of the music, like that of Kathleen Ferrier, its very capable interpreter, was thoroughly wholesome and English; and one had only to think of Falla's *El Amor Brujo* to realise the distance between the South Bank and the shores of the Mediterranean.

The main item of the L.S.O. concert was Peter Fricker's Second Symphony, a work previously broadcast, played (sensibly) twice at the concert, and broadcast again on the following night, so that there has been every opportunity, in London at any rate, of coming to grips with its content. Much of its thinking is truly symphonic; the ideas are strongly and ingeniously worked out through long stretches of often rather inflexible rhythmical patterns. The music rises to episodes of searching beauty, notably a softly climbing horn solo against staccato string passages towards the end of the slow movement; but the last movement loses its impulse long before the end, becoming cluttered up about half-way through with contrivances which do not tell as sheer sound. Fricker is a composer of uncompromising sincerity and considerable power, but there is still something raw in his music; it needs, above all, to be penetrated by air and warm sun. His most beautiful achievement so far is probably the introduction to the Violin Concerto, an exquisite page which has just the ripeness and bloom which elsewhere we look for in vain. His Four Piano Impromptus were introduced on the following night, at the Hampstead Town Hall, by Margaret Kitchen (to whom one of them is dedicated); they contained much that was interesting, but even here the tension was seldom relaxed, and none of the four pieces sounded in the least like an improvisation.

Even when composers ostensibly aim at something gentler, the note of despair is apt to creep in. Thus, Mátyás Seiber (whose cantata, *Ulysses*, is one of the most striking works of the last few years) has called his Third String Quartet "Quartetto Lirico," and he begins it *andante amabile*; but the adventures of the initial (and all-pervading) motif are often violent and tortuous, so that the adjective "lirico" makes us think rather of the content of Berg's *Lyric Suite*, with which the new work has many points of resemblance. The final *lento espressivo* opens with those "pregnant" fragments and silences which too often merely make us wonder what is coming next; but the movement as a whole, and especially the last section, exhales a numb sadness which is curiously moving. It was finely played, at the R.B.A. Galleries, by the Amadeus Quartet.

From Aaron Copland we can generally expect a combination of nimble strength and clear-eyed beauty; there is something reassuringly clean and healthy in the mere sound of his music. The Clarinet Sextet of 1937 played at Hampstead by Frederick Thurston, Margaret Kitchen and the New London String Quartet) possesses these qualities, though not in such abundance as, for example, *Appalachian Spring*. It relies a little too much on rhythmic slickness (which the players hardly knew how to supply); yet in the midst of so much restrained sorrow and stern self-probings its careless vitality refreshed us like a cold douche.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

AMERICAN TELEVISION NOTES

IT is difficult not to start out on the grand tour of American commercial TV without certain kinds of prejudice, though this was exactly what I did not want to do. I knew all about the radio "commercials" spoken in quick, glib, ingratiating tones (your ears automatically cut out, say my American friends, when you hear these commercials start, but this self-protective device comes less easy in the case of commercials on television); and I knew all about the quantity of alternative programme material offered by the networks and local stations in the various areas of the States. But I had also heard that this seemingly chaotic pressure of competing programmes produced a number of items which anyone schooled solely by B.B.C. television might well find instructive. I saw an example of this the night the President withdrew from the election in the course of a televised speech, and the excitement that followed in full view of the cameras when correspondents tried to force a statement concerning his intentions from Governor Stevenson, who, even though he is Truman's likely nominee for the Presidency, was determined not to be drawn. The B.B.C. would never have allowed this kind of rough and tumble on the air.

It is the magnitude of the rapidly expanding TV service in America which first strikes the visitor from Britain. About three years ago the Federal Communications Commission, which is directly responsible to Congress for the technical supervision of all licensed TV stations, refused to grant any further licences until a system controlling the future use of all TV channels throughout the country had been devised. The number of stations operating when this freeze came into force was 107. Now that the freeze is over, it is expected that within two years the number of stations which will apply for licences will be about 2,000. The service at present provided in New York offers the viewer eight alternative channels with programmes beginning at 7 a.m. and ending in the small hours of the morning. Each TV channel is estimated to be producing about 3,000 hours of entertainment a year.

The F.C.C. is concerned with the moral as well as the technical behaviour of the stations. Those in control of TV stations are expected to bear in mind that they have a certain responsibility to the nation, and the F.C.C. has the right to revoke the licence of a station if the overall nature of its programmes is thought to be unworthy of the channel it is occupying. Although these stations operate commercially and depend on the sponsors' money for their existence, they, in fact, find themselves with a considerable amount of unbought time on their hands. This time is mostly filled up by films, which are either specially produced for TV or are revivals of pictures originally made for the cinema. For example, in the New York programmes during the first week of my visit to the States several British films were being shown, including *Q Planes*, *Four Feathers*, *The Wooden Horse* and *Nine Men*, all, unfortunately, in truncated one-hour versions. Often British films which have become long out-dated are shown. The reputation of British films with the American public suffers from these heavily cut or out-dated productions.

There are five main TV networks in America, together with many small local stations which provide a great deal of purely local material sponsored by local interests. But the networks provide the spine of the American television service. The main elements in American TV are sport and fancy wrestling, variety (like the Milton Berle and the Arthur Godfrey shows, the *Show of Shows*, and *The Lucky Strike Hit Parade*), serial dramas and domestic soap operas, drama (with plays mostly truncated to one-hour shows in programmes such as Lux Radio Theatre and the Robert Montgomery Theatre), the panel and quiz programmes like *What's My Line* (which is so very different from its polite British cousin), the News Commentary programme (like those compered by Dave Garroway and Ed Murrow) and the unscripted discussion panel. Health in

the schools, juvenile delinquency and the problems of televising debates in Congress were all discussed during my first week in the States. In addition there are innumerable programmes for children, and I attended, in a New York studio belonging to one of the famous networks, a TV wedding, in which the chosen couple are interviewed just before their actual marriage ceremony is conducted before the cameras in a programme suitably laced with sweet music and love songs. This programme takes place five times a week, and the couples are well rewarded with gifts.

The Dave Garroway News programme seems to me the most interesting phenomenon in American TV. It begins at 7 a.m. each weekday and lasts two hours. It is presented in such a way that the viewer who is busy with early morning chores or the simple job of getting up can become a mere listener without the programme becoming merely unintelligible to him. It shows best, perhaps, the real versatility and power of American TV, a subject I want to discuss in next month's notes from America.

ROGER MANVELL

THE MOVIES

"Rancho Notorious," at the Odeon
"All Roads Lead to Rome," at the New Gallery

THE Grand National has provided its usual spirited ten minutes. Every cinema in the country, from circuit palace to back-street biograph, has registered the crowd, the weighing-in, the walk round, the false starts, the thrills and the tumbles, the half-dozen heroes sweeping home, and a steaming pop-eyed winner greeted with the commentator's "Warm day, isn't it?" Year by year this gallopade greets us; and I must admit, as one who vicariously has travelled much, that the Aintree trip rouses me more than Cup Finals, Test Matches, Wimbledon rallies, heavyweight hammerings, and the like, which makes us as a nation what we are. There was something to be said, this year, for the Boat Race, which had to its credit two fantasies, a snowstorm and an Oxford victory. But as an eye-tickler the Grand National wins in a canter. More selective with every moment grows the track, more dreadful the jumps. Cruelty, of course, plays a large part in our excitement. How do we justify it? The danger is shared by horseman and horse alike; we must keep up the breed (for what? wars long ago out-dated? for dollars, perhaps?); it raises the horse to its true nature, as the *corrida* does the bull, with the difference that death is by accident; we love horses and are said to resemble them, and with most of us ready enough (on the quiet) to snatch the titbit from our dog's ration, that resemblance will presumably increase in the future. A study of enclosure faces might lend a touch of extravagance to this spectacle of which the routine camera gives so admirable a yearly impression.

Aintree preceded at the press show *Rancho Notorious*, a Fritz Lang bang-bang-bang of the wicked old days, with Marlene Dietrich at the passion centre. A ballad of rape, robbery, and murder, twanged to the guitar, introduces us to a scowling wanderer (Mel Ferrer) with a blood debt to collect. From mountainside to bar-room, from the star-lit spaces to the sunny patio, in Technicolor glorious, he comes at last to Chuckaluck, Chuckaluck, where Miss Dietrich still waggles a leg and husks a song and queens it in a wonderful evening gown over the bad boys. On her bosom he recognises the trinket snatched twelve months ago from his murdered love; sly seduction leads to melodrama uproarious, with everyone who can getting shot in the last-ditch drawing-room battle. Miss Dietrich crawls from behind the sofa with a spreading crimson stain; dying, she touches immortality. Will a time come when the eye-lashes will cease to flutter over those ever-young tired looks? Will this boulevard ever know sunset? *Rancho Notorious* annihilates any such idea, and is, in its way, a brisk, enjoyable film.

All Roads Lead to Rome contains Micheline Presle and Gérard Philipe, but is otherwise less-than-average French farce. A diplomat loses a document, a film star loses publicity, a broad-bottomed woman journalist preserves it, an innocent young mathematician fights imaginary bandits and escapes the clutches of a starched sister. Eighteenth-century revels—*de rigueur*, of course—unmemorably crown all. It is rather thin, though lively at times, thanks to actors who can work a charm out of the dullest hues. Their drunk scene, for example, amuses despite itself. But who wouldn't rather welcome a revival of *Le Diable au Corps*? WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Montserrat," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

This is a melodrama on a theme altogether too painful to be treated melodramatically. Among the Spanish officers hunting down Simon Bolivar one, Captain Montserrat, has himself turned revolutionary and helped Simon Bolivar to escape. His colonel discovers his treachery and, in order to extort from him a confession of where Bolivar is hiding, arrests six stray people in the market place and shuts them in a room with Montserrat, threatening to kill them one by one unless they can get the information out of him. They fail to do so, and then one by one they are taken out and we hear them being shot outside. That is the whole of the play, the horror of this mental torture, the unavailing protests of the disinterested victims, the ruthlessness of the colonel and the ground nerves of the Captain. Something as drastic as the Sartrean dialectic might have made a play of this horrible situation, but Lilian Hellman (adapting from the French) explores neither the motivation of her characters nor the implications of the theme, but leaves it as ugly and raw as she finds it. Mr. Richard Burton plays Montserrat and, having nothing to act, falls back on his personality tricks. Mr. Noel Willman gives far the best performance, a two-dimensional villain of a ruthless Colonel.

T. C. W.

Wilfredo Lam, at the I.C.A.

Although many may accept this exhibition without question, I feel myself that it raises a difficult problem. Lam was born in Cuba in 1902 of Chinese and Negro parents, and the subjects of these large, recent paintings derive from local Voodoo Magic and ritual. Superficially, their style resembles that of Guernica; but only superficially, for the difference is very important. Whereas Picasso's painting was made up of formalisations which originated in complete, logical structures, as we normally recognise them, Lam's paintings are made up of fragmentary, illogical, juxtaposed symbols, whose significance must (or should) depend upon some more special meaning. We can appreciate how these symbols—limbs and branches as hard as femur bones, shrieking spirit-birds, sacrificial knives, plaited knots of hair, alert pointing breasts, hooves and carcases—are arranged together with such rhythmic skill and clarity, that their rational organisation almost exorcises their terror; we can admire the way in which the sombre, subtly coloured shapes penetrate space—look at the receding cradle of bamboo stalks behind the foreground forms in *The Threshold*; we can understand the controlled threat and promise of movement—look at the birds flying forward in *The Murmur of the Earth*; we can be thrilled by the sensual impact of the images, simultaneously violent and voluptuous as in *The Bride*; we can recognise the extraordinary tension of every one of the continuing lines—but, finally, the works remain foreign, remain weird; either because we are ignorant of the special meaning of their original context, or because they are, in fact, incoherent. I emphasise this, not necessarily as criticism, but in order to point out that we should be cautious in claiming to be able to judge or fully comprehend such work. In art there is always a danger, for both painter and spectator, of international vulgarisation.

J. B.

Festival Ballet, at the Stoll

Anton Dolin's company, now starting its provincial tour in Manchester, has produced a new work by Frederick Ashton. The best thing about *Vision of Marguerite* is Ashton's choreography; the worst thing is James Bailey's decor; but neither are so positive as to arouse strong feeling. The story is of Marguerite's seduction by Faust, with Mephisto interfering all the time and finally parting the lovers. It is an ethereal seduction, full of those floating, lilting movements which Ashton designs more beautifully than any other living choreographer; but the action is much impeded by a pergola, a wobbly tree and ye olde cottage, all of which jut into the stage with peculiar awkwardness. The music is not my favourite Liszt. Orchestrated, it sounds thin and gurgling, missing that atmosphere of nineteenth-century romance which is one of Liszt's charms and would have suited the story so well. As Marguerite, Belinda Wright is frail and quick—she is, in fact, the first ballerina with real speed since Markova—but she has as yet too small a personality to fill out the character. John Gilpin dances excellently as Faust though, again, he seems immature. On the other hand Oleg Briansky interpreted Mephisto with the assured villainy of an old operatic trouper. The effect is uneven and yet, as with Dolin productions, always professional.

A. F.

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"My Name is Wilde," at the New Torch Theatre

In the last half-century the tragedy of Oscar Wilde has been snowballing steadily downhill in the popular imagination. In certain theatrical-literary circles, Wilde has become almost a Golden Bough figure, a priest-king marked for sacrifice when the clock strikes twelve at the Cadogan Hotel. The "opulent, esurient Oscar" of life has become the *hubris*-ridden figure of legend, powerless to avert the doom that awaits him in the witness box. Leslie and Sewell Stokes kept their *Oscar Wilde* free from such emotional high-lighting by concentrating on Wilde's human traits—his wit, generosity and fantastication. At the New Torch, Mr. Hubert R. Wilmot exercises no such restraint. He has given himself up to the legend with relish, and by cutting out such incidental characters as Harris, Ross, Willie Wilde and Constance (all of whom, in their behaviour during the *débâcle*, were so much more interesting than Wilde himself), he has left the stage free for a melodramatic "Bosic." This treatment inevitably suggests the King-and-minion theme of Marlowe's *Edward II* and, indeed, Mr. Wilmot's drama, as far as it resembles any kind of effective theatre, bears marks of the chronicle play. We have glimpses of Wilde in a pub at Oxford; drowning his "purple sadness" in Contreau on one of his first nights; in the dock and during his last years in Paris. Mr. Wilmot has complicated his theme by adding a grim old crone in a shawl who dogs Wilde's footsteps throughout the play and tries to sell him matches and violets. She ends each interview by unmasking herself and becoming the abstraction of androgynous "blue" beauty for which the writer has been searching all his life. At the end of the play the blue lady confronts Wilde in his favourite *bistro* and bombards him with his own epigrams. Shapeless, humourless, intensely felt and insufficiently thought out, Mr. Wilmot's play gives us little of Wilde's character, and is chiefly remarkable as a piece of contemporary myth-making. Mr. Philip Broadley, as Wilde, begins badly but gets increasingly better as the evening wears on.

J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

IN PLACE OF FEAR

SIR,—Wilfred Fienburgh's letter about Aneurin Bevan was doubly welcome—first for its common sense and realism, and secondly because its quiet tone and cool temperature illustrate that the present mood of the Parliamentary Labour Party shows a remarkable recovery from the near-hysteria which followed the Defence "revolt." From now on, as Fienburgh says, "we can get on with our pressing task of re-thinking our future," but that has become possible only since the Party has started showing more interest in policy than in standing orders, and only since its members began to deal with the minority by arguing with them instead of by threatening to kick them out.

This change is highly important, and we need to understand why it came about if we are not to go wrong again. It has come about for these three reasons:—

1. The County Council election results completely exploded the fallacy that the Bevanite schism weakened the Party in the country.

2. Bevan and some of his friends (notably Geoffrey Bing and Leslie Hale) have been the undisputed leaders of the recent brilliantly successful opposition in the House. Even the Right-wing Members admit (most of them freely but a few of them reluctantly) that the Bevanites are the principal cause of the obvious discomfiture of the Government Party in Parliament.

3. As Fienburgh says, Nye Bevan has been proved right on the issues on which he, Harold Wilson and John Freeman resigned.

But on this last point the rearmament schism, which Fienburgh and many others want to see ended, is kept alive, not by the Bevanites, but by some of our comrades who are more rearmament-minded than the Tories and who, in face of all the evidence, go on monotonously and stridently defending the now discredited decisions of the last Government. There are still some ex-Ministers who insist on being unwise after the event, and who continue to stand like Casabianca on the burning deck labelled "4700" from which all but they have fled. There may not be many of them, but they are influential men who get a lot of space in the press and use it to keep every old quarrel alive. I hope it was to them that Mr. Fienburgh directed his excellent letter.

Then there is another group in the Parliamentary Party which bases its opposition to us Bevanites not upon our views but upon the fact that we regularly meet together. It is true that we do behave gregariously, just like any other animals who are considered to be dangerous because they defend themselves when they are attacked. But I am sorry that Mr. Fienburgh has fallen for the idea that we are a sinister conspiracy. I can assure him categorically that (a) we have no "disciplines," written or unwritten, and for a long time we didn't even have a chairman; and (b) there is not one word of truth in the suggestion that we nominate candidates for office. After last year's election to the National Executive of the Party it was freely put about by those who didn't like, or were disadvantaged by, our electoral victory that we had conducted an organised campaign. This is a lie: we canvassed nobody for votes, directly or indirectly, and we neither nominated anybody to stand for election nor persuaded anybody to withhold his candidature. In fact, of the 29 candidates for election to the constituency section, no fewer than 11 were people who later voted against our leaders in the Defence division, and no election organiser in his right mind will run 11 candidates for seven places. (In parentheses, you will certainly see some organisation in this year's Executive elections, but it won't be the Bevanites who will be doing it.)

One last point, and an important one. I join with Wilfred Fienburgh in hoping that the policy differences in the Party can be resolved, but we won't resolve them by pretending that they don't exist. It isn't at all true to say that we are divided by nothing more than the level of the arms programme: in fact, that question is merely one of many surface effects of deep and fundamental causes. *One Way Only* showed us diverging from the policy of the Labour Government on many issues—on the whole analysis of Britain's relations with America and Russia, on the nature of the threat of Communist expansion and the right means to oppose it, on international economic relationships, on the future of Germany, on home economic policy and on the development of the Welfare State.

That's why it is not true to suggest, as Fienburgh does, that "nothing Nye has said in the House this Parliament could not have been said with equal vigour but with greater weight from the despatch box." For one thing there is the simple physical fact that, as one of fifteen members of the Parliamentary Committee, Bevan would of course be largely restricted to speaking on his own specialist subjects, and therefore we should have missed some of his recent great speeches. Still more weighty is the fact, which we must recognise however much we may deplore it, that Bevan and some other backbenchers are now in a much better position than our Front Bench to oppose some of the Government's policies for the simple reason that we are not tied to defending ex-Ministers at all costs. After the events of last year, it is better to be on a different bench from Gaitskell if you want to attack Butler's inroads into the Welfare State, and on a different bench from Gordon-Walker if you want to attack the Government's treatment of Seretse Khama, and on a different bench from Marquand if you want to argue the case for a free Health Service.

But we shall outlive all this. Before long I expect to see Aneurin Bevan on our Front Bench, and I expect to see the Party united behind a new, imaginative, inspiring policy. The good will and good sense of men like Fienburgh will help to bring that about. But so, too, will the ferment of fresh ideas released by the Bevanite heresy. For though, against our wishes, we may have caused a bit of trouble on the National Executive and in the Parliamentary Party, we stirred the constituency parties out of torpor and released them from a stifling frustration. And it's they, in the end, who matter.

House of Commons, S.W.1. IAN MIKARDO

SIR,—Mr. Aneurin Bevan is sometimes described as the Lloyd George of the Labour Party, and there are Liberals who believe that he will do for that party what Lloyd George did for mine. May I suggest that possibly he will turn out to be, not the Lloyd George, but the Baldwin of Socialism?

As in the Thirties, so to-day the prime object of all parties should be to preserve peace. How is it to be done?

There are those who say that probably it cannot be done; but that if it can be done it will be done by not arming at all. Anyhow, they argue, war, if it comes, will be war of atomic bombs and bacteria, and we can rely on the Americans and Russians to drop enough to destroy everyone, themselves and ourselves included. Let us spend such money as we have on pleasanter things and leave it to our rich neighbours to pay for the means of their and our destruction. That makes sense.

There is another argument that makes sense. The only thing that really matters is to prevent war. Only the Russians will let war loose, and they will not do so unless they feel pretty sure they will win. Let us arm to the teeth so that they cannot feel sure. To prevent war is worth *any* sacrifice—I underline the word "any." That too makes sense.

What makes nonsense is to do as Mr. Baldwin did—arm partially. That is asking for trouble, and making sure you cannot meet it when it comes. And that, so far as I can make out, is the policy of Mr. Aneurin Bevan.

CLIVE BELL

Charleston, Firle, Sussex.

ANGLO-IRANIAN

SIR,—Mr. L. Lockhart's defence of the former A.I.O.C.'s attitude and behaviour towards the Iranian employees (your issue of March 29) is mainly based on that kind of faulty and insufficient statistics which is rightly regarded as being able to "prove anything." His figures are taken out of their context and bear little relation to the total picture. For instance, there were 4,700 highly paid British posts in Abadan, to say nothing of all the high posts in the company outside Iran. Mr. Lockhart, without mentioning this, says that 30 of the highest positions in the company were filled by Iranians. His figure 30, when taken in connection with the total, proves exactly the opposite of what Mr. Lockhart sets out to assert.

Mr. Lockhart, as the spokesman of the former A.I.O.C., might deny that the whole attitude of the British staff towards the Iranians was one of superiority and aloofness and was, in fact, little different from the notorious Herrenvolk attitude. Of this, however, the whole of the Iranian staff of the former A.I.O.C. were convinced; and those among them who were educated in England and liked the British people were at a loss to understand why they adopted a new code of morality in Iran. I submit that if this attitude was deliberate and conscious it was not a right policy, and if it was not deliberate it was bad psychology.

Finally, "it is doubtful," Mr. Lockhart says, "if a comparable example of such integration of national and foreign employees can be found elsewhere in the Middle East." It should, however, be pointed out to him that other inferences may be drawn from this assertion and that it would be wise to take such "comparable examples" comprehensively and realistically into account before it is too late.

Iranian Embassy, 26 Princes Gate, S.W.7. M. MALAYERY *First Secretary*

WHITE SUPREMACY

SIR,—I am one of the European settlers who appear in your articles as the villains of Central Africa. Before the last war I decided there were better places than England to live in, so I obtained a post in S. Rhodesia. The war deferred my arrival for seven years and I then worked three years on an Agricultural Research Station. The last three years I have been tobacco farming on my own account.

I have been a regular reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for many years, and before I left England my views on most questions roughly coincided with your own. Six years' daily contact with Natives has, however, modified them considerably. I have no first-hand knowledge of urban

Natives, but I am very well acquainted with my own representative sample of rural Natives.

The idea that Native intelligence is on a level with European is quite false. It may be potentially so, but I doubt it. It is difficult to realise the child-like nature of their mental development until daily contact has been made for some time. Qualified authorities do not deny potential differences, but some maintain that they are slight. My own impression is that a Native can be taught to carry out almost any procedure of which he can form a mental image. I have taught Natives quite complicated chemical analysis procedures, including the use of an accurate chemical balance, and they carry them through quite adequately. But the same Natives, who have been educated up to the standard of a British child of 10 or 11 find any sort of abstract thought extremely difficult. Minor problems in logic baffle them.

There is also a widespread impression that the European settlers are drink-sodden, lazy brutes living in terror of the Native population. I am on very good terms with my Native employees and do my best for them. Incidentally, I work considerably more than they do and drink less. It is necessary to maintain their good will as there is fierce competition for labour. Any Native can give one month's notice and it is not possible to stop him leaving if he so wishes. Ten years ago, most Natives were ignorant of their legal rights and were consequently sometimes ill treated and exploited. Nowadays, they are fully aware of their rights. As a result, employers who do not treat their Natives well are going out of business. Talk about slave labour is sheer nonsense, except in the case of "recruited" Natives who are recruited in remote parts and bind themselves for a year. These Natives are sometimes exploited, but the supply of recruited Natives has practically dried up and the number working at the moment is less than one per cent. of the total.

Lastly, democracy on the British model with universal franchise is not viable in most countries. Sudden developments have a habit of going in a very different direction from that envisaged by their imitators. African dictators have been corrupt, brutal and barbaric. This part of the world was practically depopulated by the Zulu *impis* within living memory, and the memory is still green amongst the Native population. Liberia is scarcely a model democracy, and there is no reason to suppose the successors will be any different. Even now, Native employers are much tougher than most Europeans, and the hope for an efficient, upright and benevolent Native administration is vain.

The choice is not between White overlordship and Black democracy, but between White domination by Europeans of the same moral make-up as ordinary British people and domination by a Black dictatorship, which will certainly be infinitely more oppressive than any White domination.

S. Rhodesia. J. W. THOMPSON

IS U.N. STILL-BORN?

SIR,—Mr. Pollak's letter about my review and Uno shows me that I cannot make myself intelligible about anything to anyone. The whole point of what I wrote was that the machinery of the League and of Uno was adequate for maintaining peace and preventing war, but that unless Governments were willing to use the machinery for that purpose the machinery would fail. The League failed because Mussolini and Hitler were not prepared to keep the peace, and the French and British Governments were not prepared to use the machinery of the League to prevent war. Uno from the start has been used by the Soviet Union as a weapon in the cold war, not as an instrument of peace. That is why I was accurate in saying that, as an instrument of peace, Uno was born dead. I have spent a good deal of my life writing books which tried to explain why international government through organisations like the League or Uno is necessary. Mr. Pollak personifies Uno and accuses me of "contempt" for this personification. I have no contempt for Uno, which is a piece of political machinery—I have contempt only for those who will not use the machinery for its purpose, namely the prevention of war—and perhaps just a shade for those who deify or personify Leagues, Unos, and other bits of political machinery and think it treason to do anything but sing hallelujah before their decayed or decaying altars.

Lewes, Sussex. LEONARD WOOLF

COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—Now that Labour's victory in the L.C.C. elections makes it very likely that their scheme for Comprehensive schools will go through, the following question, which is very much worrying teachers involved in the change, urgently needs an answer.

How do the L.C.C. propose to attract Grammar School streams to their new schools?

The provision of Grammar school places (25 per cent.) in the London area is already greatly in excess of the number of children capable of making proper use of that type of education. And it seems quite obvious that parents of the really promising boys will prefer to send them to one of the remaining "pure" Grammar schools rather than to the new Comprehensives, when the large element drawn from a poorer socio-cultural background will inevitably lower the tone of the schools as a whole.

If the L.C.C. wish their new schools to be properly comprehensive, it looks as if they will either have to make the amenities of the new schools distinctly more attractive than those of existing Grammar schools—a tall order in a time of financial stringency—or otherwise completely to eliminate the right of parents to have any choice as to which school their children shall attend. J. D. SOLOMON.

THE WEST RIDING

SIR,—Mr. Hildick accuses me of writing patronisingly about the West Riding. I accuse him of grossly mis-handling his terms. My article wasn't about the West Riding. It was a description of Ripley Glen and some of its visitors, and an attempt to discover what makes it, to my mind, such an agreeable place. Of course people in the West Riding have their murders, perversities, worries and the rest of it; and I don't object to writing about these things (though when I do someone's certain to point out that the district's full of gentle, heterosexual optimists). But the people I saw on the Glen were enjoying themselves in normal ways, as most of us do, given half a chance. Perhaps some thoughtful types were discussing the H-bomb, perhaps some mother was slipping arsenic into father's thermos, perhaps some little boy was succumbing to a graver naughtiness than cigarettes. If so, I didn't notice it.

I can't find anything in my article to indicate that I consider the two couples I wrote about representative of anyone but themselves. Though if there are any more like them I'm very glad: I like to see men and women enjoying each other's company. I don't consider the old couple to be "inarticulate simpletons" nor do I see anything objectionable in the young couple courting.

One reason for using fictitious place-names is to avoid the angry letters from local patriots which are the consequence of writing truthfully about any place in the West Riding. Mr. Hildick's is a most amusing and original variation of this rather dreary genre—he boasts of the district's sins and miseries as others do of its scenery and cultural amenities. It's a pity he spoiled it by accusing me of a nasty and mean snobbery. Let this be quite clear: I'm interested in clothes *as a writer*. As a private person I couldn't care less what I or anyone else wears; my dress judgments are sociological, not social.

Finally, if he's lived in the West Riding as long as I have, he should surely know that they don't have Wakes weeks there but in Lancashire. And he shouldn't try to impress me with homespun gobbledegook like "folks is people." What else could they be? Rabbits? JOHN BRAINE

The Hospital, Grassington

POEMS BY WOMEN POETS

SIR,—I believe it to be true to say that that no poem has ever seemed to me memorable, or remarkable, wholly or partly because its author was a woman. Indeed, I would never have supposed that it possibly could. Therefore Kathleen Raine's statement, evidence of so different an experience, greatly interests me. Would she give some examples of poems which she has found memorable because they were by women? FRANCES BELLERBY

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Books in General

THE individual emerges from the tribe and his intellectual self-consciousness begins to feel its power. The young intellect is established on the top floor of the mind, and because it alone can think rationally it likes to think of itself as the only occupant of the house, or, if not the sole occupant, then certainly its absolute lord. What a shock, then, to discover there are countless older inhabitants occupying every room down to the basement, lovely and monstrous creatures that may come swarming up from below, cross the threshold and overwhelm the youngest lodger.

Throughout civilised history men have sought to deny, exorcise, explain or fulfil these ancient and powerful opponents of their reason. It has been Professor Dodds's task to see how the Greeks dealt with them*—the Greeks who in the first pride of pure rationalism could not know its frailty. He covers the period between Homer and the third century, with a final penetrating glance down the later centuries of decay. It may be said that if Jane Harrison undermined the pure classicists, Professor Dodds has undermined Miss Harrison. She found the primitive deities underlying the Olympians, he the psychological urges underlying the primitive gods. Although *The Greeks and the Irrational* is based on the Sather Lectures of 1949 it is not disjointed, but develops with all the interest of a good psychological novel, a novel, moreover, which ends with a sharp moral for ourselves.

Perhaps Professor Dodds might, with advantage, have ventured outside the Greek world to discuss the common characteristics of prerational mythopoeic thought and to draw useful analogies with the Egyptian and other ancient civilisations. Possibly, too, he might have told us more than he does about the simple prerational folk of Greece itself; but at least the narrowness of his range has helped to secure the straightness of his argument.

In Homer the heroes are so sharply aware of catastrophic failures of judgment, the equally unexpected accesses of strength and the power of dreams, that they attribute them to an outside agency—to demons, nameless gods, the Erinyes, or sometimes directly to one of the Olympians. In their "shame culture" (that is to say a culture where "face," social prestige, counts for everything) these divine interventions were not moralised, but in the succeeding Archaic Age while they were still attributed to external powers they began to be accepted as punishments for human sins, and particularly for *hubris* or swelled head. The professor, who usually follows Freud in his psychological interpretations, believes that this swing from a "shame" towards a "guilt" culture was brought about not only by the extreme insecurity of the Archaic period, but also by the weakening of the old patriarchal family order. The escaping sons had to find expression for a guilty conscience.

The sense of guilt made men vulnerable to potent new ideas which were spreading in Greece by the end of the Archaic period. Though confused and often contradictory in detail these ideas clustered round the central concept that every individual had a soul or demon free to leave the body and gain its own experience of occult realms. Thus for the notion of supernatural incursions into the individual was substituted that of individual excursions into the supernatural.

Professor Dodds believes these alien doctrines to have reached the Greeks through their contact with shamanistic peoples in Scythia and Thrace. He would go so far as to recognise Pythagoras himself as a Greek shaman whose teaching, like that of the Orphic cults before him, shows strong occult influences from the northern barbarians. In its primitive forms shamanism had no puritanical implications, no belief that the free soul need be hostile to the body in which it lodged. If the shamans themselves practised long "retreats," sexual abstinence and other austerities, it was for the strengthening of their own powers; nor did they associate reward and punishment with the transmigration of souls. In a "guilt culture" doctrine and practice were bound to change, to darken and intensify towards a new puritanism. Guilt seized upon the travelling soul and oppressed it with morality, just as it did with *nemesis* and other aspects of divine intervention; the old ritual asceticism became a means of saving the soul from its enemy, the base and corrupting body.

The story takes a further strangely unexpected twist if it can be agreed that Plato inherited an important legacy from shamanism, yet completely transformed it by identifying the soul not with the occult, but with the rational spirit of man. Even Plato's Guardians, Professor Dodds suggests, can be better understood as rationalised shamans, whose training and way of life were to be very similar to those of the old magicians but who were to draw their power from intellectual light instead of from the darkness of the unconscious.

The Greeks are rightly associated with the happiest understanding of the unity of spirit and body, yet in these late archaic and classical doctrines of the free and divine soul lay the main source of the dualistic interpretations of human existence which were to be of fatal significance in the future of European thought: the source of such high experience and creativeness, and of so much suffering and cruelty.

Meanwhile, among ways not of explaining but of dealing with the irrational in man, the Greeks surely did well in giving rein to the Dionysiac and later the Corybantic cults. How much more enjoyable, socially effective and inexpensive their ecstatic orgies must have been than our shock treatments and other lonely, cold-blooded clinical devices.

From all these sources as well as from the more familiar religious forms, the Classical Age received the jumble of contradictory beliefs and practices which Professor Gilbert Murray has so aptly named the Inherited Conglomerate. Such conglomerates are exasperating to the intellectual, who cannot understand either their real meanings or their importance for a healthy if naive society. So it was inevitable that the Ionian thinkers, and after them the Sophists, should hew away at the mass and provoke the conservative reaction that ended in a cup of hemlock. Yet while Socrates and then Plato were subject to the common intellectual delusion that if a man knows what is good for him he will act on the knowledge, they did appreciate something of the importance of the irrational, and incorporated polished chunks of the conglomerate in their own thinking. Indeed, as an old man experienced in intellectual failure, Plato shows himself in his *Laws* to be ready to provide a reasonable place for unreason in order that the people may be governed.

Professor Dodds suggests that anyone looking into the future from the beginning of the third century might justifiably have believed that the triumph of reason was at hand. Alexander had widened horizons as the discoverers of the New World were to do for the Renaissance; many sciences seemed in their prime. While Aristotle had tempered his considerable intellectual arrogance with some sound practical psychology, the Stoics, Sceptics and others were exceeding the intellectualism of the fifth century. For them there was no "irrational soul"; the passions were seen as vulgar weaknesses that could be corrected to leave the mind "passionless, pitiless and perfect."

If the prospect then seemed good for rationalism, we, looking back, know that in fact it was at the beginning of a long decline, a decline during which the monsters surged up again from the basement in the shape of astrology, occultism and the eastern Mystery religions. Professor Dodds considers many explanations of this failure, including the Marxist one that it was due to cheap labour checking the growth of technology, but he is inclined rather to attribute it to a universal "fear of freedom," a flight from "that terrifying burden of daily responsibility." With irresistible conviction he points out the similarity of our position to-day. We, too, have seen the disintegration of the conglomerate, starting among the educated and now affecting the masses everywhere; we, too, have known a great rational and scientific age with promise of a liberal society. And now we are confronted with comparable symptoms of reaction—fear of responsibility, fantastic superstition, and, one might add, the uncanny lure of war.

Professor Dodds asks are we going to fail again, shall we once more "refuse the jump," or will our new understanding of the psychology of the irrational enable us this time to leap over? Here it is hard to follow him. Surely in the affairs of man there can never be the possibility of leaping a barrier into a promised land? Must there not always be a struggle between intellect and the unconscious, between classicism and romanticism, energy and restraint? What we must pray for is vitality to maintain the struggle and to recognise the glory of both opponents. Perhaps it is a good sign that while our artists are already leading the way in an imaginative reaction to an excess of rationalism, our society is sound enough to deal with its boldest rationalists. If our youth-corrupting atheists contrive to live long enough, we withold the hemlock and instead make them O.M.s and G.O.M.s—in short, absorb them into the conglomerate.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

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* *The Greeks and the Irrational*. By E. R. Dodds. *University of California Press: Cambridge*. 37*s*. 6*d*.

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HEINEMANN

DERELICT STREET

(SAINT JOHN'S WOOD)

I

What we forsake, more masterful tenants possess:
Demons dance and birds long banished rejoice
Where human footmarks fade. So in this wilderness
Bramble and fungus riot, the barn-owl's voice
Triumphs in trees ten years have healed of their scars
And the soil, grown dark with decay, breeds daffodils
From bulbs no gardener planted. But rubble mars
Time's feast with memories, black putrid water fills
The lily-pond choked with leaves. These crumbling bricks
Were walls that framed our symmetry of path and lawn,
This tangle of creepers littered with broken sticks
Taught wistaria to wind in patterns drawn
From a purer source of beauty, when ordering hands
Harboured the hyacinth, helped ephemeral flowers.

Exuding stillness, a morgue of houses stands
In the almost reverted wood. Slow rot devours
What rags of paper, relics of plaster remain
Stuck to the ribs of rooms where, oozing rust,
Ripped cables, entrails, coil, exposed to the rain.
Mosses like verdigris, Atlantis-coloured, encrust
Sidewalks no longer paved and pads of grass
Silence the rare intruder, as if to keep
This world remote, invisibly walled as with glass,
Till even the ruins are torn from their respite of sleep.

II

Back in these parts to read
In creeper, shrub and weed
Histories which no book
No human record contains,
Bewildered, mocked for my pains,
Inwards I turn and look
For a derelict self, the double
Who, likely to understand
The demons' cryptic hand
Could help me in this trouble.

But the years have raised a wall,
Hard, though invisible,
Proof against all intrusion;
From its surface touch and sound,
Gesture and glance rebound
Into the mind's confusion.
Mirrored, half-real at the most,
My questioning gestures mime
An *alter ego* in Time:
A ghost is meeting a ghost—

Who once, an obstinate fool,
Returning home from school
With a wittier one, his friend,
On these pavements, never doubted,
Philosophized, laughed and shouted—
Yet grew indifferent in the end.
Now the talkers—both—like their games
Are quite outgrown, the sycamore
That gave them shelter before
Has pierced the window-frames.

Which is the substance? He
Who safe in fatuity
Still hugs his future here
Or he who, present, belies
The other's hopes, but pries
Into the past for cheer?
Perhaps, renouncing flight,
A living fly will clamber
Over its image in amber,
None the wiser for the sight.

There's nothing new to be learnt
From houses, lived-in or burnt,
The fresh or the fading trail:
That it's the same wind blows
Dust over bramble and rose,
That civilization is frail;
And rare as the past may seem
To a present always perverse,
It was neither better nor worse:
The difference, the distance are dream.

One thing only was strange:
The hieroglyphics of change;
And strange the iridescence
Down where those fungi grew,
The transcendental blue
Of a rotten stump's excrescence.
Nothing ends but to begin;
And when, moving off, I cast
One look at the street, my last,
I saw the workmen move in.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

THE SLY UKRANIAN

Gogol. By JANKO LAVRIN. *Sylvan Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Lavrin has collected the various essays he has written on Gogol during the last twenty-five years, and added some new material, for this short centenary volume. It is a useful and precise consideration of Gogol's mysterious character, his growth as a novelist and playwright and the final confusion and calamity. A large English public now knows Gogol's work; that is to say, it is as well known as translation can make it, for a great deal of the colour, the fantastic poetry, word-coining and melody of his prose is necessarily lost in English. Vladimir Nabokov, the Russian critic who writes in English, gave an idea of the extent of the loss in his illuminating book some years ago. Gogol was a good deal of an actor and mimic, and held audiences spell-bound and astonished by the richness and self-enchantment of his own readings of his works. One has a slight notion of his emotive power and natural rhetoric, which seems rather akin to the Welsh, in passages of the heroic *Taras Bulba*. Professor Lavrin says:

> What is beautiful is not just beautiful; it must be superbly so. The same applies, in ever greater measure, to what is drab, vulgar and ugly. Whatever he may be describing, he does it, moreover, with an abandon full of nervous cadences, purple patches and piled up adjectives—like a man intent on forgetting himself in the rhythmical and melodious flow of his words . . . his prose verges on ornate rhetoric and poetry.

Here is a passage I have taken from *How the Two Ivans Quarrelled*.

> Ivan Ivanovitch has the usual gift of speaking in an extremely pleasant manner. Heavens! How he does speak! The feeling can best be described by comparing it to that which you experience when someone combs your head or draws his finger softly across your heel. You listen and listen until you drop your head. Pleasant, exceedingly pleasant! Like the sleep after a bath. Ivan Nikiforovitch, on the contrary, is more reticent; but if he once takes up his parable, look out for yourself! He can talk your head off. Ivan Ivanovitch is tall and thin; Ivan Nikiforovitch is rather shorter in stature, but he makes it up in thickness. His head is like a radish, tail down; Ivan Ivanovitch's is like a radish with the tail up.

Owing to the impossibility of a free press in Tsarist Russia—and the argument can be adapted to present-day Russia obviously—many public matters treated by journalists and pamphleteers in Western Europe, had, as Professor Lavrin says, to be incorporated into the Russian novel. Gogol's part in this is famous. Yet the theory that all art is propaganda in itself—Gogol can be represented as a product of the economic decline of the small gentry in the Ukraine—and also ought, on social realist lines, to be moving us towards some doctrinal millenium, does not greatly help us to understand a genius as complex as Gogol's was. Of course, the Russian novelists *did* all come out of Gogol's overcoat, as the saying was, but a great deal more than political satire and protest came out of it. Gogol was the Romantic, invoking in *Taras Bulba* a Homeric past. And because he was a disappointed Romantic, he was a hater. But he was a clown, a spontaneous genius, a superstitious natural or simpleton, a neurotic driven to melancholia by guilt and nightmares, with the pious peasant's fear of death and terror of hell. His passion for detail, especially in describing people, his compulsion to turn detail into fantasy—"Ivan Ivanovitch has large expressive eyes the colour of snuff . . . if he treats you to snuff, he always licks the cover of his box first with his tongue. . . ."—takes the comic to the point of mania, and the mania gives it power. His farce and comedy are the poetry of revenge upon life. Professor Lavrin quotes Gogol's own words that:

> the cause of the gaiety in my first writings is to be sought in my own inner need. I became a prey to fits of melancholy which were beyond my comprehension . . . In order to get rid of them I imagined the most comic things: funny characters in the funniest situations I could think of.

The melancholy became religious madness. Shut up in the dreams—it is thought—of the auto-erotic, distracted by guilt and sexual fantasy, he began to think his art wicked and entered on the course which has been disastrous to all artists: moral self-improvement.

Pushkin called Gogol "that sly Ukranian capable of robbing you before you have time to call for help." (He did, in fact, embezzle some money when he was young.) He is rascally, exalted, naive, absurd, morbidly restless. He believed that God inspired him to write; yet the Devil was in writing. How to reconcile them? He is an entangled, tragic man and Professor Lavrin puts his dilemma very clearly. He also makes a point which tantalises the modern novelist when he says that, as a novelist, Gogol seriously lacked invention in the plot-making sense, and replaced this defect by the exploitation of character, as if the human being when seen in microscopic detail, could become a fantastic plot in himself. This accident left its mark on the Russian novel in the 19th century and accounts for the startled pleasure of the tired Western novel reader weighed down by loads of realism and "sympathetic treatment," starved of imaginative abnormality.

V. S. PRITCHETT

GUSTAVE COURBET

Gustave Courbet. By GERSTLE MACK. *Hart-Davis.* 45*s.*

> "His motto is: 'one is bound to be dealing in trivialities, in childish and false speculation—it makes no difference what is painted or who paints it—unless the picture is done after, and is faithful to reality. One will never do any good or get any better except by imitating nature.' From this it follows that he will not execute a single stroke except from the living model, by copying it and painting it."
>
> "The beautiful is in nature, and it is encountered under the most diverse forms of reality. Once it is found it belongs to art, or rather to the artist who discovers it. Once the beautiful is real and visible it contains its own artistic expression. And the artist has no right to elaborate on this expression."

Two hundred and sixty years separate these two quotations. The first was written by a Dutchman in about 1601 on the evidence of first-hand reports about the bizarre activity of the still youthful Caravaggio; the second in 1861 by Courbet in an open letter to some prospective students. Every so often these affirmations have to be made, when nature and art have parted company for too long at a stretch, when the cracks in society have so dangerously widened that the whole structure has to be renovated. It will have to be said again soon with authority, in some obscure studio outside Montparnasse, if art is to go on, since we too suffer from a surfeit of our Cesare d'Arpinos and our Chenavards. There are signs of a move in this direction already. Meanwhile, we cannot pay too much attention to the phenomena of Caravaggio and Courbet who bring home to us more vividly than any other great masters the present predicament in the arts.

It is a pity, therefore, that the first full-length biography of Courbet in English should be little

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more than a compilation, providing a helpful framework for a second book. There are a large number of facts put together in the correct order, some not to be found in the standard works. There are quotations from contemporary sources adequately rendered in translation. There are plenty of entertaining and dull, revealing and pointless, anecdotes. But one fact follows another like names in an index with the same gloomy stress. The amount of space devoted to each incident is determined not by its significance in the narrative but by the extent of the available information. Since there are not many "facts" known about the Brasserie Andler, for example, nearly half the chapter devoted to this vital subject has to be taken up with Courbet's failure to pay his bills, about which a tiresome correspondence happens to survive.

Almost no attempt is made to assess Courbet's contribution to politics in general but chapters are devoted to the well-documented, but relatively trivial questions, whether or not he acquiesced in the demolition of the Colonne Vendôme and how much he deserved to be penalised for his part in the Commune. The social and political events behind his life are summarily dismissed in textbook style, as though they had no organic relation to the matter in hand except when Courbet was directly involved in them. With Cézanne and Lautrec—the subjects of his earlier books—Mr. Mack was on safer ground because in their time the artist could to some extent exist in a social vacuum, but Courbet's destiny was bound up in the success or failure of the revolution. If 1848 had come off, his pictures from then onwards would have been quite different in form as well as content. There would then have been nobody worth the bother of scandalising.

On the purely personal level Mr. Mack accepts the statements of Courbet and his contemporaries at their face value. A picture is built up, too consistent to be altogether plausible, of an uncouth peasant suffering incessant attacks from over-sophisticated Parisians, but sustained by confidence in his genius and by resilience. This may be the impression that Courbet wished to convey to posterity but it only scratches the surface. He would have been more put out by the indifference of his enemies than by their attacks: in his determination to be the centre of attraction, he was capable of stirring up trouble almost for its own sake whenever it threatened to settle. He was not so sure of himself as his vehement protestations imply. Some of his megalomania was bluff. He would play up to his reputation as a bohemian, encouraging his paunch to keep pace with the legend, he would lay on his conceit thick, he would be posing half the time as a revolutionary, he would produce portentous or picturesque explanations for his behaviour where the right explanation was boring—such as his objection to marriage, that it interfered with his art; no doubt promiscuity and distaste for the domestic life were the reason. He did not give up drink because it kept him from his work.

There is no point in writing a biography of an artist unless it lights up his pictures. Mr. Mack sees only the contrived legend, the public face. His account may help us to understand *Bonjour! M. Courbet* and *l'Atelier de l'Artiste* and *Le Retour de la Conférence* and savage disasters in snowdrifts, which are expressions of this. But it gives us no clue to sensibility lurking behind that blustering facade, no hint of a lyrical element in Courbet's later work, of a surprising sympathy for the tamed landscape and for delicate portraiture and still-life that the Impressionists snatched at with delight. Mr. Mack has locked Courbet up in a room labelled "realism" but some of his best work was accomplished just outside it.

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THE GREAT RETURN

Report from Formosa. By H. MACLEAR BATE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16s.

Mr. H. Maclear Bate spent forty days and forty nights in "Topsyturvy Land" where, as he says, "it is difficult to take oneself so seriously as the very serious situation would appear to warrant." This is the first inside story of Chiang Kai-shek's island kingdom of Formosa and for this reason alone it is worth while accompanying the writer. Unfortunately, he forces us to gallop through his own hastily selected events of Formosan history, to share his meals of cooked cobra and python with which the Formosan chefs "titillate the palates of the wealthier Cantonese customers," and to observe a great variety of his physical discomforts that irritate rather than provide light relief or information. His interviews with the famous, the infamous and the anonymous leave us in no doubt as to his preference for Chiang Kai-shek, clay-footed though he may be, whilst his views on Communist China faithfully reflect those of the large American Military Mission on the island. Formosa he regards with unabashed wish-fulfilment as "the fulcrum" in a "swaying edifice" of the Far East, the centre from which Chiang Kai-shek will return to China, the cross-roads where Mao Tse-tung's enemies from Japan and Macao, from the Philippines and Hong Kong, and, of course, from America are already drinking toasts to the downfall of Peking.

Every activity of the Kuomintang in Formosa is directed to "The Great Return"; the daily exercise of Mustang fighter-bombers which, the author notes, could not be "classed as purely defensive"; the Strategic Planning Board with its promises of "attack" since "you cannot tell the soldiers that you are just training them to remain on the defensive"; schools of navigation, a meteorological training centre, a radar school, formation drill "up to the best Western standards" and plenty of American-trained officers who were delighting young recruits with cinema pictures of the latest types of Russian aircraft hit by Chinese guns when Mr. Maclear Bate called on them.

Ex-Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek gave their first interview to a British correspondent for three years. "I have pledged myself to return to the mainland. There is no argument possible about that, I have given my word to return, so I shall return." Thus spoke the General who assured and reassured the world with his words: "There are no Communists in China." His fantasies are as obstinate as his character. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wearing "buttons of solid gold . . . nylons and Parisian shoes," made a pronouncement, as is her custom: "The British are a realistic people. Everyone expects they will eventually see how foolish they have been to offer a compromise with the Reds. With the Reds there can be no compromise."

Admiral Kwei is probably the only living man who has changed overnight from being a five-star General to the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy. Mr. Bate watched his indoctrination of naval ratings in the First Squadron. Actors boosted their morale with a drama depicting the "two-facedness of the Red deceivers over the Straits." As the lights faded, play-acting became reality.

> Representatives of the army, navy, air force and civilian resistance movement marched, with arms swinging across the stage . . . an attractive girl with a good microphone technique hurled rhetorical questions to the sailors, questions which drew . . . repeated vows that Chiang Kai-shek's banner will be carried by the fighting men back to the mainland and reconquest.

For one set of interviews Mr. Bate's transport always let him down. "You either get to the racecourse an hour or two too late . . . or your jeep does not arrive." The Taipeh racecourse is the execution ground where condemned men and women often arrive physical wrecks after their "Treason Trials" to be shot in the back of their heads. The Secret Police, headed by Chiang Kai-shek's son, supply the firing squads.

Report from Formosa also introduces us to some of Chiang Kai-shek's allies; Admiral Cooke, ex-Commander of the Seventh Fleet, who advises the Nationalists and acts as their general agent in the United States; General Chennault, of "Flying Tigers" fame who "vehemently advocated the bombing of Mukden and other Communist bases in Manchuria" and made no secret of his own share, as chairman of the Civil Air Transport Company, in reinforcing Kuomintang saboteurs in South China and elsewhere; a "cloak and dagger" man (and bodyguard) in Macao which is described as "a poste restante for the mail of the underground" and a "Mr. Wu" in Hong Kong whose speciality was smuggling. In short, here is all the paraphernalia of rehearsal for "The Great Return" with close-ups of the principal characters in the play. Mr. Bate's picture is candid enough to warn any innocents that the plot is fantastic and the players an unattractive, unreliable group.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

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Emily Dickinson bears the same kind of relationship to Emily Brontë as does the Little Flower of Lisieux to her great namesake Teresa of Avila. We are assured on high authority that the mawkishly sentimental French nun was really a saint; and, once one can overcome a distaste for Emily Dickinson's whimsy and sentimentality, and for the cult that surrounds her, one is bound to admit that, overrated as she certainly is (mostly in America and mostly among women) within her narrow and repetitive range, she is a true poetess. To become the centre of a cult does after all require some quality out of the ordinary; and this selection from her letters reveals that quality. Emily Dickinson was a character, an eccentric. To follow, in the gradual development of her highly personal style, the budding and flowering of the fragrant dryness of her eccentricity, is to watch the maturing of an Old Maid of the first water. Whoever may have been the one love of her youth, these letters give no clue; but Emily the young poetess with the

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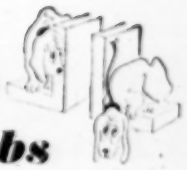

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broken heart pales into insignificance beside Emily the elderly spinster in her garden, her whole heart open to the flowers and bees, but disappearing up the back stairs of her father's pleasant house in rural Amherst at the sound of a visitor's footstep in the porch. She seems to have found people's physical presence a barrier to communication; she preferred to love them in absence, and to write little loving notes to those she would never have dared to address in such open language: "'Give me thine heart' is too peremptory a courtship for earth, however irresistible in heaven" is one of her typically laconic messages, sent with a gift of flowers. So shy was she that in her adult years she never had her portrait painted. To one of her unseen friends who asked for a portrait, she wrote:

> I have no portrait, now, but am small, like the wren; and my hair is bold, like the chestnut burr; and my eyes, like the sherry in the glass, that the guest leaves. Would this do just as well?

All her later letters have that disciplined feminine formality of Victorian good breeding—"Please accept the progeny of the pinks you so kindly brought mother this winter, with the hope that 'wisdom is justified in her children'." But within her formality she commanded an inexhaustible lyrical vein of untrammelled originality: "Dawn and dew my bearers be. Ever, Butterfly" is the authentic wren's note that was ever at her command. Emily's letters as a young girl are painfully schoolgirlish. How, one wonders, does the green wood of girlish sentimentality ever harden into the dryness, as of fine wine, of her later years? I believe that leisure and privacy are the only secret needed to explain that maturing. In this age, leisure and privacy are seldom to be won by any but the social outcast; but Emily Dickinson was free to think her own thoughts and go her own way within the pleasant framework of cultured provincial Amherst, before even the railway (in whose construction her father was an active agent) disturbed the peace of New England. Those who live alone live a more intense life than others, and the flow of their thought can be painfully interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell; and Emily's old-maid's life, narrow and intense, was the one that suited her. In the Victorian age, families cohered longer than they do now, and unmarried sisters not infrequently lived on at home, tending old parents, as Emily did, until they themselves reached middle age and no longer wished to take root elsewhere. Emily Dickinson lived out her life so deeply rooted in one place that time must have seemed to stand still. Each flower that faded surprised her by reminding her, in her own unchanging world, of mutability. The deaths of friends or neighbours shook her to the depths of her being. Even departures were almost unbearable to her; as she lived on, her childhood and middle age must have seemed to her a single, present Now, as timeless as the seasons.

Emily Dickinson lived in a house with a good library, and must have been sufficiently well read; but she has nothing of any interest to say about books, or about ideas of any kind. She has a naively schoolgirlish love of women writers—the Brontës, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot—and dismisses Whitman in truly Victorian style: she has not read him, but has heard that he is "disgraceful." Feelings for her took the place of ideas, but feelings so clearly contemplated, so disciplined, and so wittily clear-cut, that they became the equivalent, in precision and in penetration, of thought. "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know that is poetry. . . . Is there any other way?" No poetess was ever so feminine.

To read her letters is to be in a world that combines with Kate Greenaway's elegant nostalgia something of Beatrix Potter's innocent fantasy of a world of rabbits with blue jackets and housekeeping field-mice, and that American *timor mortis* that Emily Dickinson has in common with Edgar Allan Poe. What makes her a poet is her delicate precision of image, deliberately finite, as with Marianne Moore; and her wren's note of pure lyricism. Experience and freedom are both compatible with living in a limited world—may, in fact, be incompatible only with attempts to break beyond these bounds. Emily Dickinson was free as a bird in her small thicket. No one can read these letters without recognising that they express a quality, with which she invested her world—something almost as rare in this quantitative age as silence itself.

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The Little Misery. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 9*s*. 6*d*.
A Step to Silence. By P. H. NEWBY. *Cape*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
Lie Down in Darkness. By WILLIAM STYRON. *Hamish Hamilton*. 15*s*.
The Hand of the Hunter. By JEROME WEIDMAN. *Cape*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

M. Mauriac's new book hardly exceeds the limits, which are in any case dubious and arbitrary, of the long short story or *conte*, that enticing medium which in our century has been neglected, and which, in the hands of the masters, taught lessons of compression, concision, suggestion and dramatic point which in our 90,000-word sprawlers are also neglected. The form is enticing just because it demands a preoccupation with these qualities, and a disciplined attention to the unities, either the unity of a place or situation, or a unity of mood and tone, or a unity of concentrated attention upon a single character. *The Turn of the Screw*, *Boule de Suif*, and Lawrence's *The Daughters of the Vicar*, are examples of the first class; Turgeniev's *Torrents of Spring* a supreme example of the second; and works as diverse as *Sally Bowles* and *Le Neveu de Rameau* of the third. What all these very successful works, at their different levels of merit, have in common, is a powerful concentration of the powers of their authors, a snapping, crackling ease which reminds one of a boxer trained to the second, with all fat and lethargy and slowness sweated out of him.

The Little Misery is an admirable, but not, I think, altogether masterly example of the *conte*. It has unity of place, in the chateau of the Cernès family, where three generations of aristocrats are simultaneously flickering out in the company of a middle-class woman who is the wife of the one, mother of the second, and daughter-in-law of the third. Its theme is mutual torture and destruction. Paula is tortured by the "degenerate," slobbering appearance of her husband and son, by the son's backwardness, by the terrible limitations of the life which they all lead, and which in her case are drawn even tighter because she has had an innocent but indiscreet relationship with a priest. The other three are tortured by Paula, by her unkindness, loudness, wretchedness, her harshness and her disappointed ambitions. From the slap on the cheek on the first page, to the Elizabethan scene of death and destruction with which the book ends, M. Mauriac moves with great speed and power, but not with quite the unchecked falcon's stoop that such a theme in such a medium seems to demand. Thus since we know that Paula has behaved indiscreetly before, her feelings about the schoolmaster to whom Guillou is taken for coaching, seem repetitive; the schoolmaster seems an intruder in the story; he is, in fact, really there for a purpose not connected with Paula—because someone must be left to feel the guilt and anguish, and also the claim of a resolution for the future, without which the tragedy would be pointless. Not then, the perfect, indivisible, unitary movement which the ideal *conte* should be, yet a piece of drama which in authority, compassion, and seriousness, is impressive and memorable.

While *A Step to Silence* is a novel of about the usual contemporary length, it is not a sprawler, for Mr. Newby is anything but a careless writer; he is a controlled, extremely professional novelist, practised and sure in technique, able to "do" a character, a scene, or a situation, with great economy and precision. It may be taken that what he says is, very closely, what he wants to say, and that it is what he wants to say which makes him much and controversially noticed and discussed. *A Step to Silence* is set in a teachers' training college during the period immediately before the outbreak of the last war; the principal relationship is a triangular one between an older and a younger man and a girl; parts of some importance are also played by the mother of the younger man—Knight—and the father of the elder—Hesketh. The College itself figures as a kind of group-character, and within it the senior and junior years are also by way of being group characters. The relationship between seniors and juniors is ambiguous; it is expressed in ragging and counter-ragging in which elements of initiation and propitiation can be distinguished, and it is upon Knight's rejection both of this unofficial discipline and ultimately of the official discipline of the College as well, and upon Hesketh's failure to adapt himself to these disciplines, that the plot partly turns. In the end, Knight, who at the beginning has an implicit faith in the fruits of higher education, turns down a chance to go to Oxford, and when we leave him is about to join the Air Force. It would be interesting to catalogue the talents which Mr. Newby displays in this book—the certainty with which he evokes the atmosphere of a place, as, for instance, the Botanic Gardens of his provincial town, or a character, as, for instance, Hesketh's father; his poetic and contemplative apprehension of character and the subtle and striking effects which this produces. Yet somehow they do not tell us much about the core of the book which Mr. Newby, having wrapped it expertly in the brown paper of an everyday realism, appears to offer us as a plain tale from the South Midlands. It is hard to accept it as this, or to know what, alternatively, it is. We are left with a sense of something uncommunicated, and this sense hangs heavily over *A Step to Silence*, vitiating, even

while it may appear to contribute to, the book's curious power.

Mr. Styron, the author of *Lie Down in Darkness*, was born in 1925, and has accordingly at least ten years ahead of him in which to figure in the little reviews as one of the most interesting of the young American novelists. Undoubtedly he will appear in this role, since his first book reveals a remarkable talent, which one can quite honestly admire while detecting in it a facility, a desire to please, and also a morbidity which can probably be lost to the great edification and pleasure of the middle-brow public. *Lie Down in Darkness* is a long, slightly unpruned and repetitive, yet skilfully told story about the dissolution of a Virginian country-club-class family, through possessiveness, self-righteousness, weakness and lack of faith. Faith, indeed, and the lack of it, figure quite largely in the book, and since the Loftis family are Episcopalians, English readers with an Anglican background will find an odd homey atmosphere among the peanut vines and the obsessive boozing of the Tidewater country. The book begins and ends with the suicide of Peyton Loftis, whose marriage and whose mind have alike fallen apart, and to the events of whose funeral we keep returning as the past is unfolded in well-managed flash-backs. By this time another daughter, Maudie, backward and a cripple, has already died, and the atmosphere is heavy with doom. The lack of faith and love of the Whites is brought into contrast at the end with a Negro revival meeting. One's first impression of this book is of something very good indeed; and perhaps it is ungracious to note how little there is that is original about Mr. Styron's performance. After all, talented writers often do begin like this, with an element of pastiche. It is only that when a book is good enough to be overrated, a word of caution is called for.

The Hand of the Hunter is a disappointing book from Mr. Weidman, a distinguished practitioner in the well-recognised genre of the gripper, the book you can't put down. Some grippers are good novels, some are not: *I Can Get it for You Wholesale* was pretty good. *The Hand of the Hunter* is neither very good nor a genuine gripper; a rather thin story set on a small freighter waiting at Halifax, Nova Scotia, to join a wartime convoy, it is written in a curious gummed-up prose, and although my admiration for Mr. Weidman kept me reading on in the hope that things would be getting started at any moment, the book, the prose-style, and the *Smith* all remained tied-up almost to the very end.

J. D. SCOTT

PRESENT DISCONTENTS

In an Age of Revolution. By CYRIL GARBETT. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 20s.

One wonders how an Archbishop of a province, a Bishop of a large diocese and an ecclesiastical ambassador to the Antipodes, can find time to keep abreast with modern thought and write three formidable books in the space of five years. The most recent is the most stimulating. *In an Age of Revolution*, which is written in the conviction that mankind is in the midst of one of the greatest crises in history, is in three parts. In the first Dr. Garbett writes of the revolution of the last seventy years, and of the effect it has had on religion, politics and society; in the second he describes the alternative faiths which have gained man's allegiance—Communism, capitalism, the god-state and humanism; in the third he puts forward the Christian answer and suggests a radical strategy for the Church.

Unlike some theologians, the Archbishop does not look back regretfully to a golden past. He faces objectively the decline in the power of Great Britain, the changed values in the relationships between nations, the decline in moral standards, and the consequences of social and economic upheaval, but he nowhere suggests that nineteenth-century England was better than its successor. He knows that change is inevitable and leads to widespread disturbance, but is not necessarily a reason for pessimism. For this reason he is critical of the prophets of the new age. Shaw does not, in his judgment, help the plain man to know the purpose of life and the conduct which subserves its true end; D. H. Lawrence, "whose popularity will puzzle future generations," has a false assessment of human nature; and H. G. Wells, despairing of science and education, allows his early optimism to be shattered by disillusionment.

The Archbishop has studied Karl Marx, and the three chapters on Communism provide a valuable critique of his doctrines, and of the practices of his Russian followers. But although he has visited the country and has been at pains to check his facts, it is doubtful whether he fully appreciates the reasons for the positive idealism of many Communists. Moreover he is not quite fair in his interpretation of materialism. While it is true that the Marxist rejects "spirit" his definition of the word is different from that of the Western philosopher. Hence it is important for the critic to know exactly what both sides mean when "materialism" and "spirit" are used.

But in spite of his trenchant denunciations of the U.S.S.R., Dr. Garbett is no ally of the reactionaries:

> The capitalist system is based on four principles which were contrary to the teaching of Christianity; and the results of their application were such that it is difficult to understand how they could have been tolerated even for a time in a civilised nation.
>
> The principles of unrestricted capitalism were a challenge to the teaching of love, mercy and justice as given to men by Christ.

The ethical system of Capitalism is "false in theory and disastrous in practice," because it treats man as a cog in a gigantic profit-making machine.

Dr. Garbett welcomes the Welfare State, and he writes appreciatively of much of the recent social legislation. As one who has always concerned himself with the housing of the working classes, he is pleased to note that "no nation engaged in the war has carried through successfully such large programmes of house-building as Great Britain." He is not opposed to State control or to nationalisation, but he believes that the dangers of bureaucracy are immense, and that insufficient attention has been given to the problem of personal relationships in large State enterprises. His chapter on Work is most valuable and deserves the attention of politicians and social theorists. He insists that work must develop and not degrade personality, and he quotes sympathetically the answer which Dr. George MacLeod, the leader of the Iona community, gave to a visitor who asked why he was given the task of cleaning latrines: "To prevent you doing what I once did—talking about the dignity of labour."

Dr. Garbett writes less happily on the issue of war and peace. He rejects pacifism, but insists that certain conditions must be fulfilled. Unfortunately, in an atomic age, this is an impossibility. Sooner or later the Archbishop will have to face the question: can a Christian, even though he is not a pacifist, take part in atomic warfare?

Dr. Garbett's apologia for the Church of England deserves respect, even from those who reject his premise. He readily admits the failures of the Church; he is appalled by its silence in the face of social injustice; he knows it is largely a middle-class institution; he is aware of its frequent betrayals of its Master. But he believes that it is still a divinely appointed society to reclaim mankind. It has much to its credit, and already a spirit is stirring within it which may lead to a Christian renaissance.

MERVYN STOCKWOOD

NO MUSIC AT BELMONT

Greek Literature for the Modern Reader. By H. C. BALDRY. *Cambridge.* 18s.

The aim of this book—to give a general picture to the general reader—is admirable and popular: its antecedents, since H. C. Baldry is Professor of Classics at Cape Town University, are respectable and even authoritative. It will therefore be read by the audience for which it is intended, and will also be recommended, I predict, to

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ex-Army classical students in need of a refresher-course, and to scholarship candidates in search of reputable generalisations. It will, in fact, have discernible influence in two spheres of at least moderate importance, and it is the nature of this influence which we must examine here.

Professor Baldry is sincere, sensible, and unprejudiced. He believes in his subject: his prose is flat but clear: and he does not feel obliged to find excuse for pagan writers because they were indifferent to Christian virtues. His facts are carefully arranged, his points are properly made, and both, as far as they go, are accurate—though I suspect that he overestimates the part played by Socratic thought in the Platonic dialogues. He is particularly sound on the courtly origins of epic and the religious origins of drama; and he rightly elaborates the fact that literature, in the great Athenian period, was not the business of a separate profession but part of the tradition and day-to-day existence of an entire people.

In one word, Professor Baldry is correct. In one word more, he is uninspired. To start with, his criticism is almost wholly factual—it is an account of plot, theme, and function rather than an assessment of literary merit. It is true that in a book of this scope the modern reader neither expects nor wants a penetrating literary analysis; but he can and does require to be given an impression of the charm and skill peculiar to the various authors under discussion, to be told something of the quality of their emotions and the distinctive flavour of their styles. It is here that Professor Baldry has failed. The magic has departed, the golden hours have put on wings of lead, the sunlight is heavy with chalkdust.

And so back to our original proposition. Professor Baldry's book is assured of considerable influence: what sort of influence? Unlike Sir John Sheppard's recent *Music at Belmont*, which could arouse any amount of enthusiasm but little reflection, Professor Baldry, while providing useful facts and suitable deductions, will create an impression that Greek Literature is aged, weary, and, in the last resort, boring. He will create an impression that Sappho burned with a fire which has long since died, that the music under the moon is thin and displeasing to modern ears.

SIMON RAVEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Cure of Minds. By MONTAGU SLATER. *Williams & Norgate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Umber" is the name given by Mr. Slater to what must be a pioneer among English mental hospitals. Ten years ago it took its walls down; it employs, with a fine discrimination, the various physical treatments by shock, leucotomy, and prolonged sleep; above all, its doctors work with pride and sympathy, and its nursing staff seems unusually intelligent. *Cure of Minds* is, in its author's words, a portrait of "Umber": an impressionist portrait dabbed in by means of a day-to-day journal during a fortnight. Mr. Slater, who had had previous experience of the hospital while engaged on a film-script, paid his visit with the avowed object of writing this book, and lived in the doctors' quarters.

He saw, and heard, a great deal: common-room discussions, out-patients, lectures, student tours, the applications of electric shock and insulin, the rows of patients "coming round," the gardening, farming, and villa life of a small township rather than a hospital. Down below was the old village, distrusting the new but living on it. Mr. Slater was reminded of Kafka's Castle. The strangeness of the whole experience was indeed one that overtopped all other feelings; and sensitive and exact though the reporting is, we come up on almost every page against barriers of estrangement. What about the patients? Mr. Slater looks and listens, speculates, draws a conclusion; he doesn't seem to have got nearer than that; and this is hardly odd, because the lower suburban world from which most patients at "Umber" derive seems almost as remote to him as their mental condition. This makes the portrait a good deal less revealing than it might have been. What Mr. Slater does very acutely succeed in doing is to give a cross-section of how such a hospital works; and on the whole it seems to work wonderfully well. "Umber" is as much in advance of the imprisoning asylum, as the asylum was of the old Bedlam. This is reassuring. Nor do we feel—and this is greatly to Mr. Slater's credit—that the reassurance is fictitious.

A Pictorial History of the Movies. By DEEMS TAYLOR, BRYANT HALE and MARCELENE PETERSON. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

Although not in any sense a history, this is a diverting scrapbook with a commentary. It is confined almost entirely to American films, and its appeal is largely that of the old theatre-programme drawer. Among the stills of yesteryear sentimental curiosity can discover the first movie studio—a caravan-like contraption that revolved to follow the sun—and the first movie actor, Fred Ott. *The Great Train Robbery* marks its epoch. Griffith and a fifteen-year-old Mary Pickford appear with a one-reeler. Gertie the Disonaur foreshadows a long line of cartoon animals. Vamps make passes. Samuel Goldfish becomes Goldwyn. The Keystone Cops are in at the birth of pie-throwing. Then with Chaplin and Griffith the film begins to get into its stride.

No need to pursue the story further; and, needless to say, the nearer it comes to our own day the less appealing grow the photographs. There are some seven or eight hundred of these—generous value—and an index that enables us to look up a favourite film star or track down a legend. Those who were startled by Miss Gloria Swanson's recent explosion out of the past will be interested in her untemperamental Keystone beginnings. As a "bit" player she was married, apparently, to Wallace Beery, who is seen here (p. 37) as a sparkling pantomime dame.

Solitude and Privacy. By PAUL HALMOS. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

This by no means unintelligent book is "a study of social isolation, its causes and therapy." Solitude and privacy are in themselves among the highest values of civilisation but they may also be symptoms of a neurotic withdrawal from social life. The merits of Dr. Halmos's treatment of this problem are that he draws, critically but constructively, from many theories of social behaviour without committing himself to any single school of thought, and that he writes readably and clearly. He has, perhaps, the defects of these virtues. He quotes from too many sources, and solves too many problems, to carry complete conviction. What he evidently needs is more field experience against which to test his theory.

There is indeed included in this volume a chapter on the correlation which, by psychological testing of students, the author found between anxiety and a difficulty in making friends. This is all right so far as it goes, but not quite up to the expectations aroused by earlier chapters. To apply "batteries of tests" is not to experience the texture of a society, and more of this experience is I think needed to give substance to Dr. Halmos's hypotheses. It is a pity that he makes no reference to the Peckham Health Centre which, more than any other attempt at "social therapy" in this country, achieved the resocialisation of withdrawn people without being hysterical or priggish about it. The omission is all the more strange because in some ways he makes out a better case for the type of work conducted by the Centre than its proponents themselves were able to do.

British Mammals. By L. HARRISON MATTHEWS. *Collins.* 25*s.*

On page 55 we read of the scent glands on the flanks of shrews—often thought to be a protection against predators—and learn that this explanation of their function is unjustified; the evidence is presented that they serve to mark out a territory for each individual in its burrows—a little-known example of the importance of territory in mammalian behaviour. In the next three pages we hear of the "popular superstition" that the bites of shrews are poisonous, and of the recent discovery that the salivary glands of shrews do indeed secrete an exceedingly toxic substance with an action like that of some snake venoms. Turning from shrews to the related hedgehog, we pause at a footnote giving methods of cooking this animal. The wealth and variety of in-

formation in a few pages is characteristic of the entire book, and the whole is presented in an engaging style, scientific and unsentimental but human.

There is a general chapter on mammalian "structure and function" (it is time for that misleading expression to be discarded), and a final one on the origin of our mammalian fauna; but most of the book is an account of British mammals by Orders—the insectivores, bats, rodents, carnivores, deer and whales and their allies. Topics ranging from hibernation to pest control are introduced under the appropriate species. Bats and whales each rate an extra chapter for their special features: whales, for instance, in prolonged diving, have to solve the problems of "how to hold the breath for anything up to two hours, and how to resist the effects of pressure at great depths." Such problems are dealt with in passages of sufficient technical detail to be of interest to biologists, but not so heavily as to daunt the serious lay reader. Dr. Matthews does not even flinch from a proper, quantitative treatment of topics which demand it. For instance, there are distinct races of several species, confined to particular islands off our coasts; and on page 149 we find the statement "Raasay bank voles are larger than English ones" given a precise meaning in terms of head-and-body lengths and their standard deviations. Other writers on scientific natural history, please copy. There are 84 photographs, seventeen in colour, and a sprinkling of line drawings, mostly anatomical. This book goes far to remedy the long-standing neglect of British mammals.

Religion in Britain Since 1900. By G. Stephen Spinks and others. *Dakers*. 18*s*.

The Twentieth Century Histories has proved an uneven hit-or-miss series and if this latest addition is not quite a bull's-eye, it is far more on the target than some of its predecessors. In spite of triple authorship, the book achieves an admirably homogeneous tone. Its flavour is astringent and pointfully anecdotal (the diplomatic latitudinarianism of Randall Davidson's primacy is illustrated by the remark that "he often found himself able to resolve issues more clearly by seeking a wide range of opinions in the Athenæum"). Though the editor of the *Hibbert Journal* bears the brunt of the general narrative, the specialist chapters are the most stimulating and Dr. E. L. Allen's brisk, ever so slightly ungracious survey of English theology in the last half-century can be recommended to anyone who is concerned with the contemporary *zeitgeist*. Dr. Allen describes the retreat from Liberalism, the decision to give up the quest for the historical Jesus that followed the first world war, and hints at the existential masochistic aberrations that are the fruit of the second. It is, as he says, a significant difference "between the mood of the twentieth century and that of its predecessors that the former has found it so much easier to believe that God suffers." Those whose interest in English religion is mainly sociological or statistical will find most of their questions answered in this book. The committed reader can follow the fortunes of *Hymns A. and M.*, the history of C.O.P.E.C. or S.C.M., or the battle between the "community" and "numinous" schools of church architecture.

The Southern Marches. By H. J. Massingham. *Hale*. 21*s*.

"If you ask a Radnorshire man whether his countrymen are Welsh or English," explains Mr. Massingham, "he will infallibly reply—neither, they are Radnorshire." The reply characterises this fascinating border country, in which England blends sweetly with her one-time foe, Wales. Where exactly are the Southern Marches? Between and beyond the Wye and the Usk, the country which stretches across the counties of Radnor, Hereford, Brecknock and Monmouth. A line curving outwards from Leominster to Builth is roughly the top part of its periphery and the Bristol Channel is the bottom. Mr. Massingham, our leading topographical expert, pays due deference to the show places in the area, Tintern, Chepstow, and does full justice to "the Rome of the Marches," Caerleon, but he is at his happiest when stopping at some little-known country church to point out the delicate fenestration of a rood-screen, or recalling the history of the odd, interesting region of Archenfield.

Perhaps "expert" is a misleading word; it does not quite convey the intense hum of passion beneath the surface of the book. "He has consulted his own individual point of view throughout," says the blurb cryptically, meaning that the text is loud with the murmur of innumerable bees. From Mr. Massingham, Owen Glendower, for one ("this Cesare Borgia of the Marches") receives his quietus. So does the Forestry Commission and its conifer policy, for another. The writer is much out of sympathy with our present treatment of the Marches. Perceiving an encroaching barrenness, a disintegration, he looks back longingly to the quiet strawberries and croquet era of Francis Kilvert whose late nineteenth-century diary Mr. Massingham has absorbed. Beside Kilvert's simple, moving effects ("The trees blazed with the diamonds of melting hoar frost") parts of Mr. Massingham's prose appear laboured. He has, though, written an admirable, accurate book.

The Law and Working of the Constitution. Documents 1660-1914. By W. C. Costin and J. Steven Watson. *Black*. 2 vols. 45*s*.

Ever since Bishop Stubbs produced his *Select Charters* in order to demonstrate his theory of the medieval constitution, historians have been trying to repeat his success for more modern times. None has got much beyond a miscellaneous rag-bag. Two Oxford tutors are the latest to set themselves this difficult task; and they have done better than their predecessors. Unlike Stubbs, they make no comments on the documents and leave the theory to another writer (fortunately from the same publisher).

In reality, their choice of documents reveals two theories. There is first the older assumption that the law of the constitution meant something and could be demonstrated from statutes and court-cases; it was, in fact, Law, though of a peculiar sort. Pushing up between the cracks is the newer outlook, that the constitution is a set of habits rather than of rules and rests on good manners (or even bad), not on legal enactment. This is more difficult to demonstrate; and the rather casual excerpts from memoirs, or even novels, fail to leave a clear impression. Even so, the book has an old-fashioned air. English history stops at 1914 so far as the two editors are concerned—even that they probably thought raffishly modern. Since that time the constitution has been turned upside down both in law and working, and little is left of such fancy ideas as liberty of the subject, parliamentary control of expenditure, or an independent judicature on which constitutional historians used to flatter themselves. Leviathan is here, and needs no documents to demonstrate his presence.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,156

Set by J. B. Roderic

The sub-title, used in many nineteenth-century novels (*Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since—Coningsby, or the New Generation—The Newcomes: Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family—Vanity Fair: A Novel Without a Hero—Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor*) has gone out of fashion. Competitors are invited to supply sub-titles to the following novels: *The Waves, Nothing, The Razor's Edge, The Naked and the Dead, The End of the Affair, The Blessing*. The usual prizes are offered for the best sets of six. Entries by April 29th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,153

Set by Rosy Barb

The usual prizes are offered for a Dialogue between two stomachs. (Limit: 150 words of prose, or 12 lines of verse.)

Report by Rosy Barb

In setting this competition I had in mind, no doubt, last autumn's Continental holiday—likely to be the last of such holidays—when in gay and gilt Monte Carlo, a mere chip's throw from the Casino, we came to the Scots Tea House, whose Tariff was headed *Baked Beans on Toast, 50 frs.*

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An exquisite refinement of catering and self-torture on the part of the restaurateur, we discovered, had raised Beans above meringues, vol-au-vents, petits fours, and close behind came Sardine on Toast and Kipper. On the way back through Paris, outside a restaurant on the Quai D'Orsay, we met a green Southdown bus, with the label "Wine and Food Society's Gastronomic Tour of France." Between the two—Baked Beans for the many, Prandiologue for the few—our frightful dilemma seems posed: I hoped from competitors some delicate solution.

The post hardly brought that. Unutterable may have been the feelings of those who put rude sounds on postcards, exquisite the taste that sighed for good cooking or roast beef: even a good cause must be eloquent. The simple appeal of "Course, I'm only what you might call a belly, like" promised a world of revelation, but Miss Rhoda Tuck Pook couldn't quite follow it up. Allan M. Laing's delightful historic rumblings win the First Prize of Two Guineas, and a guinea each goes to Jean Stubbs, Andrew Crowcroft, and D. R. Peddy.

Boswell's Stomach: Do not you think, Sir, it would be better for stomachs to control their own nutritional intake?

Johnson's Stomach: Sir, that approaches blasphemy. Let us hear no more on't.

Boswell's Stomach: But, Sir, you must admit that much evil would be kept out were stomachs given command of their own entrance ports.

Johnson's Stomach: Nay, Sir, it is not for you to say what I must admit. If a stomach is to be master of its soul, what is the Deity for? Depend upon it, Sir, were Providence to permit you to do for yourself what the Almighty does for you, the evil you complain of would be multiplied tenfold.

Boswell's Stomach: Is it then a sin to reject, as we sometimes do, the nourishment sent us by God?

Johnson's Stomach: Sir, you have forgotten the Devil. Regurgitation is God's plan for stomachs against the wiles of the Devil.

ALLAN M. LAING

Stomach 1:
Immersed in *potage à la crême*
Swim *bancs de blanchaille* what's-a-name.
One's turned, m'lord! Yet . . . *vomere non fecit.*
That *homard à la diable* . . .
Stomach 2:
Devil take it!
Those *cotelettes de mouton*—pardon me!
It's always best to let a b-lch go free.
Stomach 1:
Poularde rôtie, pressing behind,
Takes wing and soars with every wind.
Stomach 2:
Salade as well as *légume* gripes.
Soufflé de fraise besets my tripes.
Stomach 1: Flabelliform with flan, with *gelée* full . . .
Stomach 2: M'lord desist! I am a belly full!

JEAN STUBBS

Peptic: "But where does it all come from? The thought tortures me. Why life?"

Gastric: "It can't be just material—how can one reduce such endless diversity to mere matter? Let fools talk of proteins and carbohydrates—the Ultimate Reality must be—Pure Spirit."

Peptic: "Yes. When I think of the endless darkness, filled at some unpredictable time, suddenly, with those mysterious shapes and textures, the exquisite, excruciating juxtapositions of softness and hardness, of screaming heat and chilling cold, an ecstatic quivering runs across me—I am in the presence of 'It,' the Final Energy, the driving force of my very tissues."

Gastric: "Ah, riddle of the sphincters. Where 'It' comes from—or where 'It' goes is not for us to know. Accept. In a little time our little secretion is ended."

Peptic: "I have accepted. Always I shed these acid tears which martyr me."

ANDREW CROWCROFT

Stomach 1: There's a Doctor known as Summerskill, thinks butter tastes like marge, while another, known as Charlie Hill, on Bowels disserts at large . . .
Stomach 2: Oh, it's Tummy this, and Tummy that, and "Tummy, Carry on!" but it's "Keep you mouth shut, Tummy," when they're talking to Peron!
Stomach 1: "We've not a bean," said Butler, coming with finance to grips, "nor yet a single sausage, and we've nearly had our chips."
Stomach 2: Oh, it's Tummy this, and Tummy that, and "Close that Dollar Gap!" but it's "Slacking and malingering," when Tummy takes the rap.
Stomach 1: Certain Tory politicians deprecate the Welfare State, and the worker's well-filled stomachs in particular they hate.
Stomach 2: Oh, it's Tummy this, and Tummy that, and "Too much tax to pay," but it's "More red meat for Tummy" when it's nearly Polling Day.
Together: It's nearly Polling Day, me lads, p'raps nearer than they think, and if Tummy don't see meat that's red, then Tummy may see Pink.

D. R. PEDDY

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CHESS : Beating Time

No. 133

It has been suggested that whoever likes comfortable intervals between brief periods of intensely concentrated work may be well advised to set himself up as a salesman of smoked glass during an eclipse. Certainly the meanderings of the sun would give him ample leisure, in between jobs, to ponder the significance for chess players of knowing how to bide their time. Do we not all know how vital it may be either to gain a tempo or to lose one, thereby achieving the feat of beating time to beat it—dawdling to conquer, as it were. Here—in a game won by Auerbach (Black) against Petrosyan in the U.S.S.R. Championship 1950—is a most instructive position to illustrate the process. Obviously, if White were to move he would be hopelessly lost, because he would be forced either to let the Black Kt out of gaol or to allow penetration of the Black K. But unfortunately it is Black's move, so he has to "beat time" before he can beat his opponent.

(1)	B-Q8	(3) K-Q4	B-B7
(2) K-Q3	B-Kt6	(4) K-B4	B-R5

The original position has been reached, with White to move. The rest is easy.

(5) K-Q4	B-Kt4	(7) B-Q2	B-B8
(6) B-K1	Kt-R6	(8) B-B1	Kt-B5

What a change of fortune! The Black knight is now dominating the very bishop who held him in quandary. A no less instructive illustration of profitable time-"wasting" appears in this position (recorded by H. Cordes). White plays B-B7. If Black now checks with his Q at B8 he is mated by P-Kt3 ch etc.; if he takes the Kt at once he is lost after K-R2; and if he first checks at K8 and then takes the Kt White simply "beats time" by B-Q6, and Black is lost. Relatively best for him is (1) . . . P-Kt5, (2) P-Kt3 ch, K-Kt4, (3) B-B4 ch, QxB, (4) P-R4 ch, followed by PxQ etc.

A: Marshall 1925

This week's competition should be facilitated by the hint that the theme of the sermon is fittingly illustrated by every one of the three pieces. They come from an excellent book published last year by that great composer A. O. Herbstmann (and so far, alas, available in the Russian original and in a Dutch translation only). **A**—White to win—should be amply rated with 5 ladder points if competitors will bear my little hint in mind. It is an actual game position won by Marshall against Reti. As for **B**—White to draw—and **C**—White to win—these should hardly be overrated with 6 and 7 points respectively.

B: A. O. Herbstmann
1930

C: W. A. Shinkman
1881

Usual prizes. Entries by April 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 29

A: *Key*: P-Kt6, followed by Q-Q2.
B: (1) P-Kt4, K-Kt6. (2) R-QB5, R x R. (3) P x R, K-Kt5. (4) P-R6, K-R4. (5) P-R7, K-Kt3. (6) P-R8 (R) and wins.
To queen the P produces stalemate.
If (2) . . . R-Kt2. (3) R-Kt5, R-R2. (4) P-R5 etc.
C: (1) P-K6, R-Q6 ch. (2) K-K5, P-Kt6. (3) R x P, P-K7. (4) R x P ch, K-B7. (5) R-K4, R-K6. (6) R x R, K x R. (7) P-K7, P queens. (8) K-K6!, K-Q5 ch. (9) K-Q7! etc.
If (8) . . . K-B5 ch. (9) K-B7.

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PERSONAL

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YOUNG doctor and wife seek car-owner visiting Italy last three weeks July. Prepared contribute travel expenses. Box 295.

OXFORD male undergraduate seeks summer vacation job; preferably abroad, but anything considered. Box 292.

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PERSONAL—continued

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ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn. "The Constant Couple." Alec Clunes. Last weeks. Evgs. 7. Thurs. 2.30. Sats. 5 & 8. Hol. 8481.

SHAKESPEARE Birthday Play. Morley Coll. Actors (WAT. 6972) in "Comedy of Errors" at The George Inn, 77 Borough High St., Southwark. Apr. 19, 21, at 5, 7.15. Apr. 23, 25, at 7.15. Adm. free, seats 2s. 6d. (unbookable).

ARTS. (TEM. 1334.) Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "Uncle Vanya." Com. Tues. next, 7: "Hima Kesarondi." Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY. FUS. 5191. Last perfs. "The Candy Story," 7.30, to Sun., April 20. Mems. Adults only. "The Wages of Eve" opens Friday, April 25.

IRVING. Whi. 8687. 10.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun. 8.30. "Irving Revue." "Great fun from start to finish," News Chron. Mems. 5s. yr.

IRVING. Whi. 8687. From Apr. 22, 7.30 (ex. Mon.) Sun. 5.30, "The Art of Living," by Owen Holder, with Pattie Doonan, Margaret Wedlake, Noel Dyson, Peter Bathurst. Prod. by Frank Hauser. Mbs.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until April 20: "Emmer's" Sunday in August" (U). From April 21: "Miss Julie" (A) and "Visit to Picasso" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3311. April 20, 7.30. "Tale of Siberia" (U).

"IN the South of China" and "New Peking." 2 new all-colour films, English commentary. Islington Town Hall, N.1, Friday, May 2, 7.30 p.m. 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Britain-China Friendship Assocn., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2 (Tel.: Amb. 1431/2). S.A.E. please.

"MRS. Dery"—the brilliant Hungarian film depicting the fight for liberty and independence of national culture against early 19th century Austrian colonization—will be shown to members and friends of the British Hungarian Friendship Society in a London cinema on Sunday morning, April 27, at 10.45 a.m. Engl. sub-titles. Tickets (free) from B.H.F.S., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Enclose s.a.e.

NEW Era Film Society present new Hungarian films. "Liberated Soil." Also "Moscow Reconstruction" (colour doc.) & "Papageno" (German), at 7.30 p.m., on Fri., April 25, at Islington Town Hall; members & members' guests only. Tickets in advance 2s., tickets at door, 2s. 6d. Enquiries and bookings from 40 Berwick St., W.1. GER. 8993.

SOVIET Kazakhstan: Premiere of exciting colour film with New Stadium and Jubilee. Mon., April 21, 7.30, New Theatre, London, W.1. Tickets: 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s. 6d., from Ed. Cttee., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St. E.C.1. CLE. 4161. Cash, s.a.e. with order.

"FREISCHUTZ." Prod. by City Opera Club. Toynbee Hall, April 30-May 3. Tickets: phone PUT. 1418.

LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Orchestra, Royal Albert Hall, Wed., April 23, at 7.30. Or., Don Giovanni (Mozart). Piano Concerto No. 2 (Sibelius). Symphony No. 2 (Sibelius). Wilhelm Kempff. Hugo Rignold. 12s. 6d. to 2s. 6d., at Hall and Agents. Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

WIGMORE Hall, Thurs., April 24, at 7.30. Mozart-Schubert .rarely performed delightful piano duets, presented by the famous Austrian Piano Duet Ensemble, Paul Badura-Skoda and Joerg Demus. 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Box Office, Wel. 2141, and Sec., Anglo-Austrian Music Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8. Wes. 9003.

LEONARD Scott String Quartette No. 2. First Perf. Intro. by the Composer. Acolian String Quartette, Friday, April 25, 8.30 p.m. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1.

WILLIAM Glock. Three Illustrated Lectures on "Interpretation." Fridays, at 7.30, Apr. 25, May 2 and 9. 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Tickets 3s. at door.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Monday, April 28, 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Gordon Watson, Georgina Dobrée, Malcolm Latchem, Régis Pantevin, Margaret Major, John Cook and The Latchem String Quartet, in works by: Karl Amadeus Hartmann (first performance in England), Béla Bartók, Alan Rawsthorne, and Paul Hindemith. Thts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents and Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

COME and hear Bernard Foster in Piano Recital in aid of the Commonwealth of World Citizens, Queen Mary Hall, Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. Thurs., Apr. 24, 7.30 p.m. Works of Brahms, Chopin, Albeniz. Tickets at door. 10s., 5s., 2s. 6d. Balcony 3s. 6d.

KABALEVSKY 2nd String Quartet; Myaskovsky 2nd Sonata. Soviet tape-recording recital and disc. Mon., April 21, 7.45. Adm. 1s. 6d. SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

RUSSIAN Evening (Vecherinka), Wed., April 23, 7.30. Russian music, songs, entertainment, buffet, members' bar. Dancing. Adm. 2s. SCR., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council Easter Bonnet Party, Saturday, April 19, at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, 8 p.m. onwards. Prizes for best bonnets. Adm. 3s. 6d.

SUNDAY, April 20, at 8 p.m. Gay Spring Social for the young in heart. International Youth Centre, 11 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. All welcome. Adm. 2/-

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

HAMPSTEAD I.F.L. Dance, Sat., April 19. Regal Cinema, 765 Finchley Rd., Childs Hill, 7.30. 4s. (Welcome at meeting every Monday, Burgh House, Well Walk.)

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

EMPRESS Hall, FULham 1212. Wed., April 30, 7.30-12. - N.F.J.O. Jazz Ball. Lyttelton, Randall, Christie, Crane River. 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illustrated Catalogue 6d. post free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Massimo Campigli. Sculpture by Giuditta Scalini. Until May 3.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Paintings by Cedric Morris & the R. C. Pritchard Collection. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

NEW English Art Club at New Burlington Galleries. 10-5 incl. Sats. Last week.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. G. Clarke, Stained Glass, closing 19th. Paintings by A. Mintchine and recent work by Brenda Chamberlain—opening April 22.

ROGER Fry. An exhibition of paintings & drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till April 26. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission Free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. Free.

THE Group of 12. Third Exhibition of Paintings, Cooling Galleries. April 21-May 2. Daily 10-6. Admission free.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Paintings and Prints by Russell Quay. Also A.I.A. Lithographs, etc.

MARLBOROUGH 17-18 Old Bond St. W.1. "French Masters—Boudin, Braque, Degas, Delacroix, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, etc.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square. Spring Assembly until April 26. And Display of select Art Books.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by Villon. Daily 10-5.30. Sats., 10-1.

WIFREDO Lam. Exhibition by the Cuban painter. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Week-days 10-6, Suns. 2-6.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society, "17 Collectors." Exhibition at Tate Gallery. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. free. Last week.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. "Some Aspects of Modern Dutch Painting." Van Gogh, etc. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 26th.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MAY First. Harold Laski Memorial Meeting. Conway Hall, 7.30. Lord Chorley, Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Kingsley Martin, Howard K. Smith, J. G. Wilson, R. Miliband, and others. Gallery Free. Res. 2s. 6d., from MacKenzie, 87 Fitzjohn's Ave., N.W.3. Organisers: Laski Society.

UNION Society of London. Annual Ladies' Night Debate, Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, 8 p.m., Apr. 22. Motion: "That this country should cease to try to be a Great Power." For, Dr. C. E. M. Joad. Against, Mr. Patrick F. Maitland, M.P. Tickets (3s. 6d. each), from Mr. J. D. Shebbeare, 292 Lancaster Rd. W.11 or at Hall on night.

"GERM Warfare—or Peace and Trade with China." Dr. James G. Endicott, Chairman Canadian Peace Council, former missionary China 22 years. Flying back from recent visit. Supported by Mr. L. C. White, Chairman, Dr. J. Needham, F.R.S., Holborn Hall, Fri., 25th April, 7.45 p.m. Tickets 6d. from London Peace Council, 81 City Rd., E.C.1, or Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2.

"IN Support of British Foreign Policy," by G. Beresford Craddock, M.P. (Conservative). April 24, 8 p.m., under auspices of All Nations Social Club (non-political), Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions and discussion. 1s. 6d. at door.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W.2. All welcome. April 20: "Mind Control."

"THE Message of Theosophy to Art" (with musical illustrations). Sydney Butler, L.R.A.M. Sun., April 20, 7 p.m. Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Wed., April 23, 6.30 p.m. "Myth and Truth in Buddhism." Mr. R. Robinson.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Humanist Ideas and Aims." Hampstead Ethical Society, 78½, Finchley Rd., or Regal Cinema, Golders Gn. Sun., April 20, at 7.45.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Personalism, Science and Scientism." Wed., April 23, at Conway Hall, at 7.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College, London. Free Public Lectures, Summer Term 1952. Thurs., May 1, at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Prof. C. W. Allen, The Framework of Astronomy. Fri., May 2, at 5, Prof. D. Cantimore, Evangelismo Umanistico nel Primo Cinquecento. Thurs., May 8, at 5, Hobhouse Memorial Lecture by Prof. Sir Cyril Burt, Contributions of Psychology to Social Problems. Mon. and Fri., May 12, 16, 19, 23, at 5.30, Sheatman Memorial Lectures by Prof. L. E. J. Brouwer, Outline of Intuitionism. Thurs., May 15, at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Prof. J. R. Sutherland, The English Critic. Complete list of public lectures from Assistant Secretary, University College, London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "The Problems of the Relations between Roman and Oriental Laws" will be delivered by Professor E. Volterra (Rome) at 5.30 p.m. on April 28 at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

A FREE Public Lecture and Demonstration on "The Re-education of Muscular Behaviour and its Effect on Physical and Mental Health," will be given by Mr. Charles Neil at the Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11 (3 minutes Holland Park Tube Station) on Tuesday, April 22, at 8 p.m.

WARSAW Ghetto Uprising Commemoration Meeting. Wed., April 23, 7.30 p.m., Beaver Hall. Speakers: Lord Silkin, Sydney Silverman, M.P., Gordon Schaffer, Ghetto Songs—Martin Lawrence & Choir. Film: "That Others May Live." Adm. 6d. British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1. LAN. 6593.

GURDJIEFF:—6 lectures by J. G. Bennett. Every Mon. from Apr. 21-May 25 inc. 8 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. Tickets for Series 10s., single lectures 2s. 6d. Students half price. Apply Sec., Coombe Springs, Kingston-on-Thames.

PUBLIC Meeting, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1 (nr. Victoria Stn.). "What Makes Man—Heredity or Environment?" Speaker: A. Clutter. Sunday, April 20, 7 p.m. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

SHAW Society. Apl. 25, 7 p.m.: Dr. Pollack on "Spelling Reform," 57 Dean St., W.1. 1s. 6d. at door or in adv. from 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18. May 23, 6.45 p.m.: Jill Balcon poetry recital: also 1s. 6d. New members invited. Non-members welcome at meetings and on Surrey ramble, Apl. 26, Weston, via Platform 2 to 10.15 a.m.

CONFERENCE of Critics & Composers. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Fri., April 18, 8 p.m. Members 2s., Guests 5s.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. "Will Rearmament Lead to War?" Brains Trust. Mr. William Dodds, M.C., M.P. (Conservative); Mr. Donald Wade, M.P. (Liberal); Mr. Emrys Hughes, M.P. (Labour); Mr. John Gollan, Asst. Editor Daily Worker, 7 C.E.M. Hall, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. Thurs., Apr. 24, 7.30. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 26, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean La Forrest: "Victor Hugo, poete."

PACIFIST Religious Fellowship. Universalist Service. 2 p.m. Sun., Apr. 20. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse by Arthur Peacock.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Thurs., April 24, 6.30 p.m. Lecture by Charles Leplae. Subject: "A Belgian Sculptor in the Belgian Congo." Free.

HAVE you elected your delegate to the National Conference on "Road to Peace and Rising Living Standards" called by British Peace Committee? St. Pancras Town Hall, London, May 18. Details: 81 City Rd., E.C.1. LON. 0183.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Humanist Ideas and Aims." At the Ethical Church, 46 Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., April 20, at 11 a.m.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Film "Soviet Armenia." Spkr.: Mrs. S. Silverman. Tue., Apr. 22, 8 p.m. 1s. 6d. Ed. Cttee. B.S.F.S.

THE Central London Group of Dianetics, which is in contact with both The Hubbard Foundation in America and the Dianetic Association in Britain, meets regularly in London for talks and discussion. For further information write the Secretary, George Hay, 22 Belsize Grove, London, N.W.3.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sun. morning, 11 a.m., Apr. 20: S. K. Ratcliffe, "H. G. Wells: a revaluation." Questions after lect. Adm. free. Chamber concert 6.30.

OUTSTANDING Film. "Council of the Gods"; Speaker, D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton, Wed., April 23, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 6d.

COMPTON Mackenzie on Gogol. Chair: Prof. Wrenn. Readings, Peter Copley, Catherine Salkeld. Film. Wed., April 23. Partics. from SCR., 14 Kensington Sq. W.8.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Sq., W.1. Arts Forum—Art, Literature, Music. Wed., April 23, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

DINGLE Foot: "Liberalism—The Radical Answer," at the Chenil Galleries (next to Chelsea Town Hall) on Mon., April 28, 8.15 p.m. Adm. free. Organisers: Chelsea Liberal Association. Tel.: KEN. 9159.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NW London Fabian Society. A meeting will be held on Wed., April 23, at 8 p.m. at Barclay House, 781 Finchley Rd., NW.11. Mr. Ian Mikardo, M.P., on "The Problem of the Middle Classes in Post-War Britain." Chair: Dr. B. Honn, L.C.C. 1s. All welc

ANY Questions? on Children's Leisure. Question Master: Derek McCulloch, O.B.E. Team of experts on the home, school, films, comics, etc. Monday, April 21, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. Lambeth Civic Society, Lambeth Town Hall, S.W.2.

CONWAY Memorial Lecture. South Place Ethical Society, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. 7.30 p.m., April 25. Professor N. Ginsberg, M.A., D.Lit., "Ethics and Psycho-Analysis." Chairman: Professor C. A. Mace, M.A., D.Lit. Admission Free.

"LITERARY Life in Poland." Speaker: author Jack Lindsay, just returned from Poland. Fri., April 25, 7.45. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

YUGOSLAV Holiday Meetings. Liverpool, April 28, 7.30, at Stork Hotel, Queen Sq. Manchester, 27th, 7.30, at Chorlton Club, 454 Barlow Moor Rd., 21, and Sheffield, 28th, 8.30, Y.M.C.A., Fargate, 1. Holiday Friendship Service.

LONDON Opera Club, Apr. 22, 8 p.m. Anthony Hopkins on "The Composer's Job in Modern Opera." 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. 5s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

NATIONAL Peace Council: Week-end Residential Conference on "The Meaning of Peace." Speakers include Prof. Norman Bentwich, C. Leslie Hale, M.P., Archdeacon Martell and Prof. Joan Robinson. May 16-19 at "Elmsward," Haywards Heath, Sussex. Incl. charge £2 15s. Enqs. N.P.C., 144 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

"THE Medieval English Library." A course of seven lectures arranged by School of Librarianship and Archives will be given at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1, on April 28 (11 a.m., M. Erwin; 2 p.m., Prof. F. Wormald). April 29 (11 a.m., Dr. C. H. Talbot; 2 p.m., Prof. R. Weiss), and April 30 (11 a.m., G. S. Ivy; 2 p.m., Prof. M. D. Knowles; 5 p.m., Dr. C. E. Wright). Admission free, without ticket. Full particulars from Secretary, University College London, Gower St., W.C.1 (stamped envelope req'd.).

UNIV. of London. A course of 3 lectures on "The development of perception and thought" will be given by Prof. D. O. Hebb (McGill) at 5.30 p.m. on April 29, 30 and May 2 at Univ. College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Adm. free, without tkt.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of 3 lectures on "Some Problems of Sound and Spelling in Old Teutonic Languages," will be given by Professor F. Mossé (Collège de France, Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on April 29 & 30, & May 1, at Univ. of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Adm. free, without tkt.

NEWMAN Association—Through Logic to Metaphysics, six lectures by the Rev. D. J. B. Hawkins, D.D., Ph. D., from April 29. The Psychologist and the Citizen, six lectures from April 30, by Rev. J. Leycester King, S.J., M.A., Ph.D., Professor J. C. Eccles, F.R.S., E. H. Larkin, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.P., Jonathan Gould, B.Sc., M.B., M.R.C.P., Rev. V. Paul Brassell, S.J., D.D., D.C.L., Rev. Humphrey Johnson, M.A. Details from Registrar, 31 Portman Sq., W.1.

NATIONAL Film Association: Annual Film School, Beatrice Webb House, nr. Dorking, Surrey, June 14-21. Distinguished guest-lecturer each day, all aspects Film with emphasis on Democratic Usage; technical tuition—camera, projector, etc.; conducted tour major British Film Studio. The N.F.A. is film wing of Co-operative, Labour and Trades Union Movements. Apply to Sec., N.F.A., 1 Balfour St., Manchester, 4.

SELF-Determinism: Fantasy or Fact? Discussion opened by Dr. J. N. Glaister, May 9-12, Beamers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

CHINESE Culture, Past and Present. Final series of four lectures: April 23, Chinese Pottery and Porcelain: Mr. W. Willetts. April 30, Chinese Music (with record recital). May 7, Traditional Chinese Literature: Mr. David Hawkes. May 14, Modern Chinese Literature: Mr. John Chinnery. At The Asian Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., 2nd Floor. Adm. 2s. 6d. Britain-China Friendship Assn.

TECHNICAL Assistance in Community Development (under-developed areas)—Intl. Seminar led by specialists at Wageningen Agricultural U., Holland, July 14-24. Inclusive fee £5 5s. For particulars: C.D.P., 110c Banbury Rd., Oxford.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty Street, W.C.1 (nr. Russell Square). Summer term begins April 28. Classes for beginners and students of all grades. Individual tuition. All parties from Sec. HOL. 6770.

SECRETARIAL training. The North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5., offers intensive full-time courses of training for secretarial work. Next courses September, 1952-July, 1953. Call, write or 'phone GULliver 1154, ext. 11.

(Lecture Courses, etc.—contd. on p. 479)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 477, 478, 479

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York N.Y. Post Office 1938. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.